

PHOTOPLAY

CH 25¢

**GOLD MEDAL
AWARDS**

Patricia's Wedding

8 MEN

YOU CAN'T RESIST

DINAH SHORE
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DEBORAH KERR



That Ivory Look

so clear...so fresh ...so easily yours

This budding beauty has a complexion smooth, soft, That Ivory Look! Yours can look that way, too, with a change to regular Ivory care. Remember, the milder your soap, the prettier your skin—and Ivory Soap is mild enough for a baby's skin. It leaves your complexion fresh as Spring with That Ivory Look!

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the personal story that
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**ARNIE
AND
TINA**

"If you weren't
a baby you'd
know a working
girl from a girl
of the streets!"

THE TEMPTATION OF
TONY AND SHEILAH

"Your husband won't shoot
us—he's too nice a man..."

THE SHAME OF
**ROLLO
AND
PEGGY**

"Soldier, I'll bet
it's your first
time away
from home!"

THE GAMBLE OF
**HANK
AND
WENDY**

"Even if there's
another girl, she
can't love you
the way I do!"

ALSO STARRING
JACK WARDEN

AND AN EXCITING CAST OF NEW YOUNG PLAYERS—EDWARD BYRNES • VENETIA STEVENSON • PETER BROWN
JOAN ELAN • TORIN THATCHER • WRITTEN BY GUY TROSPER MUSIC BY MAX STEINER PRODUCED BY MARTIN RACKIN

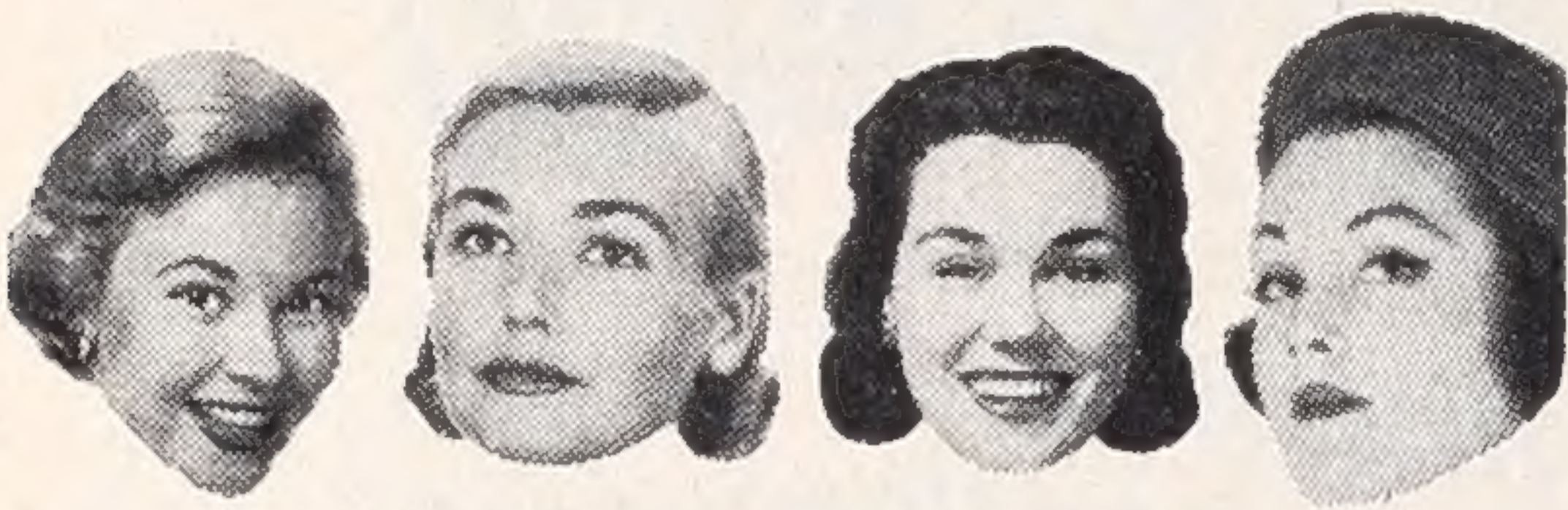
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Millions know the difference Tampax makes in *comfort*. For Tampax is completely invisible and unfelt when in place. There aren't any pads or belts to chafe or bind.

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Invented by a doctor—
now used by millions of women

MARCH, 1958

VOL. 53, NO. 3

PHOTOPLAY

FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S MOVIEGOERS FOR OVER FORTY YEARS

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“Well,
Mr. Smart
Lawyer...
let’s see you
get out
of *this*!”

There’s no trouble like other people’s troubles. Nothing like getting all wrapped up...and lost in someone else’s problems. Specially when they’re old friends who have been coming by the house for years, keeping a person company while she does the chores. A flick of the radio switch...and they’re in the kitchen visit-

Two golden hours a day...wonderful people share their lives with you on the

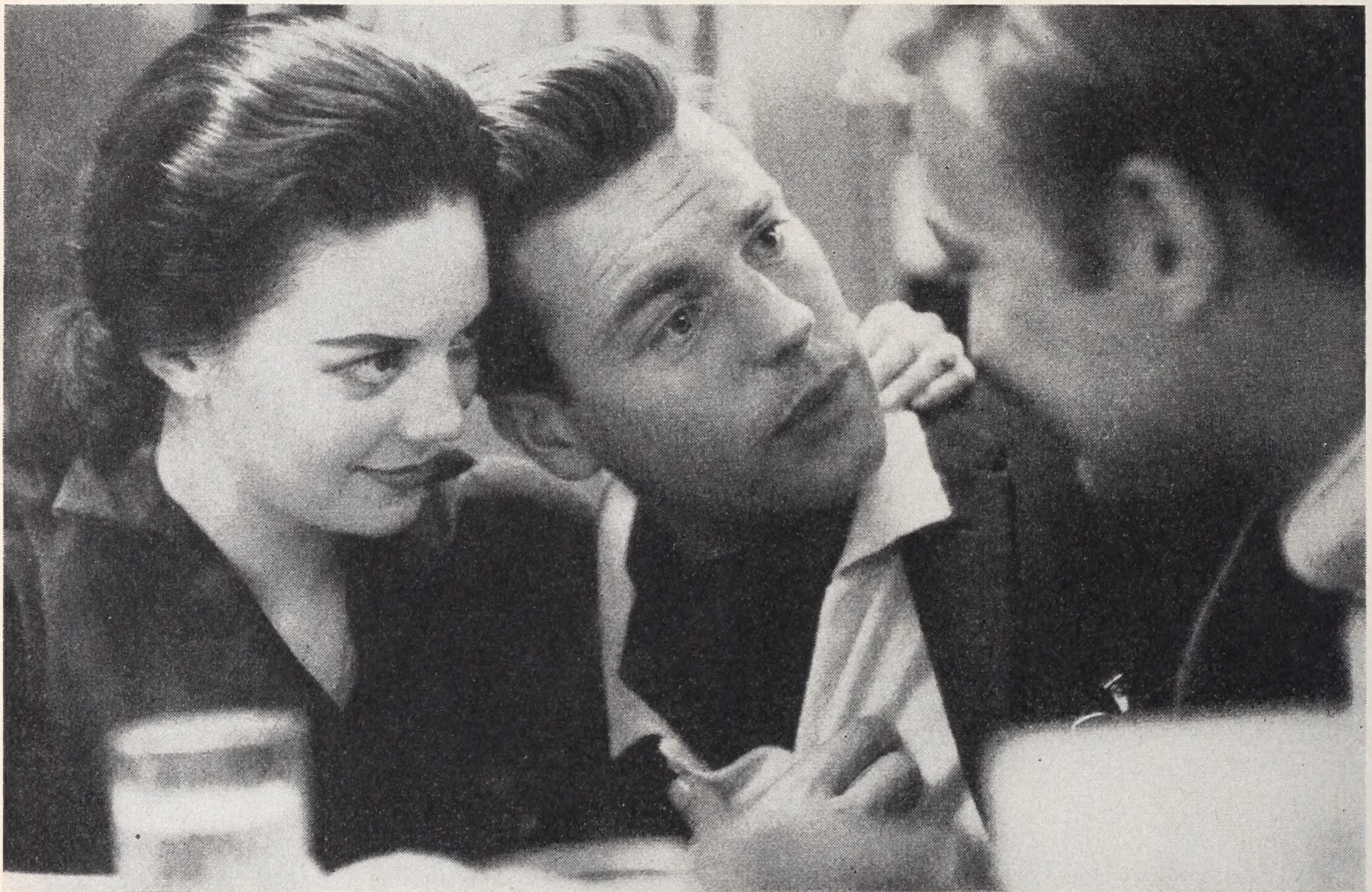
ing with *you*. Warm, wise, exciting...*real* people like MA PERKINS...WENDY WARREN...NORA DRAKE... sharing their trials and triumphs...filling those quiet moments of the day when you’re alone...with the fascinating stories of their *very* real lives. Won’t you invite them into your house soon?

CBS RADIO NETWORK

Monday through Friday. See your local paper for station and time

Photoplay was there

from the time Natalie Wood and Bob Wagner left Hollywood, to the time they left on their honeymoon. Here's the whole wonderful story!



"I'm so excited I can't eat," Natalie told Nick Adams, who with his date, Joanna Moore, and Barb Gould, close friends Richard and Mary Sale, Andy and Prudence Maree, celebrated with a pre-wedding dinner at the Beverly Hills Brown Derby. Couple's parents had just started to drive to Scottsdale, as Nat and Bob had planned to do, but when they counted their collective luggage—sixteen pieces!—Nat let out a wail of despair. "Don't worry, honey," Bob soothed. "We'll just go by train." And it turned out to be much better. "Just think," cried Nat, "we'd have missed this gay party!"



Off they trooped, to catch the Southern Pacific "Golden State" at 8:30 p.m., Joanna waving goodbye. R.J. had ordered compartments, had flowers in every one

"We are *not* going to have our wedding turned into a spectacle!" said Natalie Wood. "That's right," said Bob Wagner, putting a protective arm around her. "That's why we're going to Scottsdale, Arizona." But like every young couple, Nat and Bob wanted a complete photographic record to cherish through the years. And that called for the finest of photographers—no amateurs would do. *That* was how Photoplay's Bill Avery became the only photog to get the whole thrilling story. Bill started snapping on Thursday evening, when the couple had a pre-wedding dinner at the Brown Derby. And what a grand time they had on the train! In fact, everything was perfect. The cars R.J. had ordered met them at Phoenix; the license was gotten; Nat's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Gurdin, and her sister, Lana Lisa, and Bob's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Wagner, Sr., arrived without mishap; the rehearsal, with Nick (*continued*)

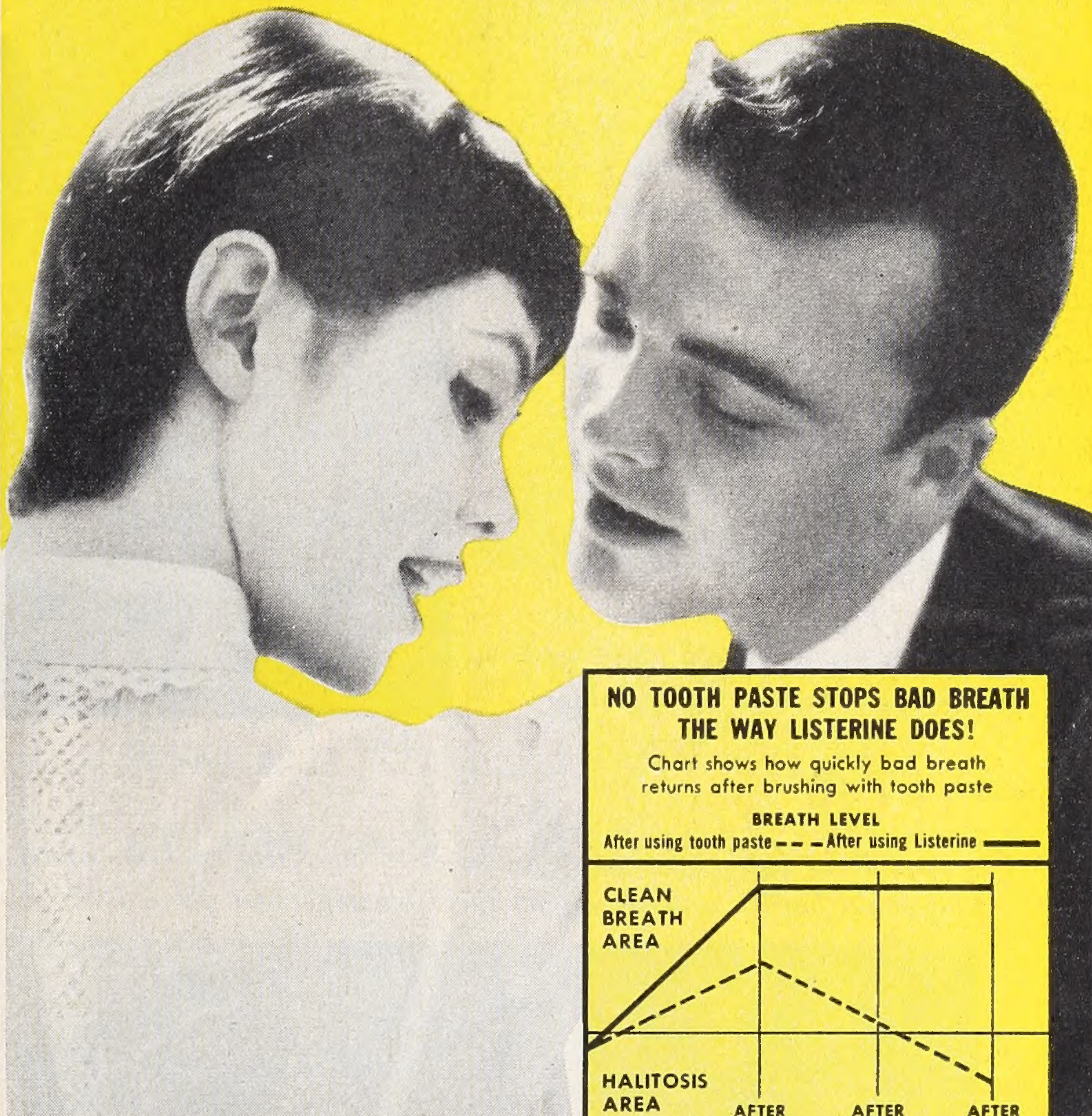


They boarded the train, stashed the luggage, rested a bit—but then, nobody felt like sleeping. "We spent most of the night in the club car," says Nick, "talking and having laughs"

You can not brush bad breath away... reach for Listerine!

Listerine Stops Bad Breath

4 Times Better Than Tooth Paste!

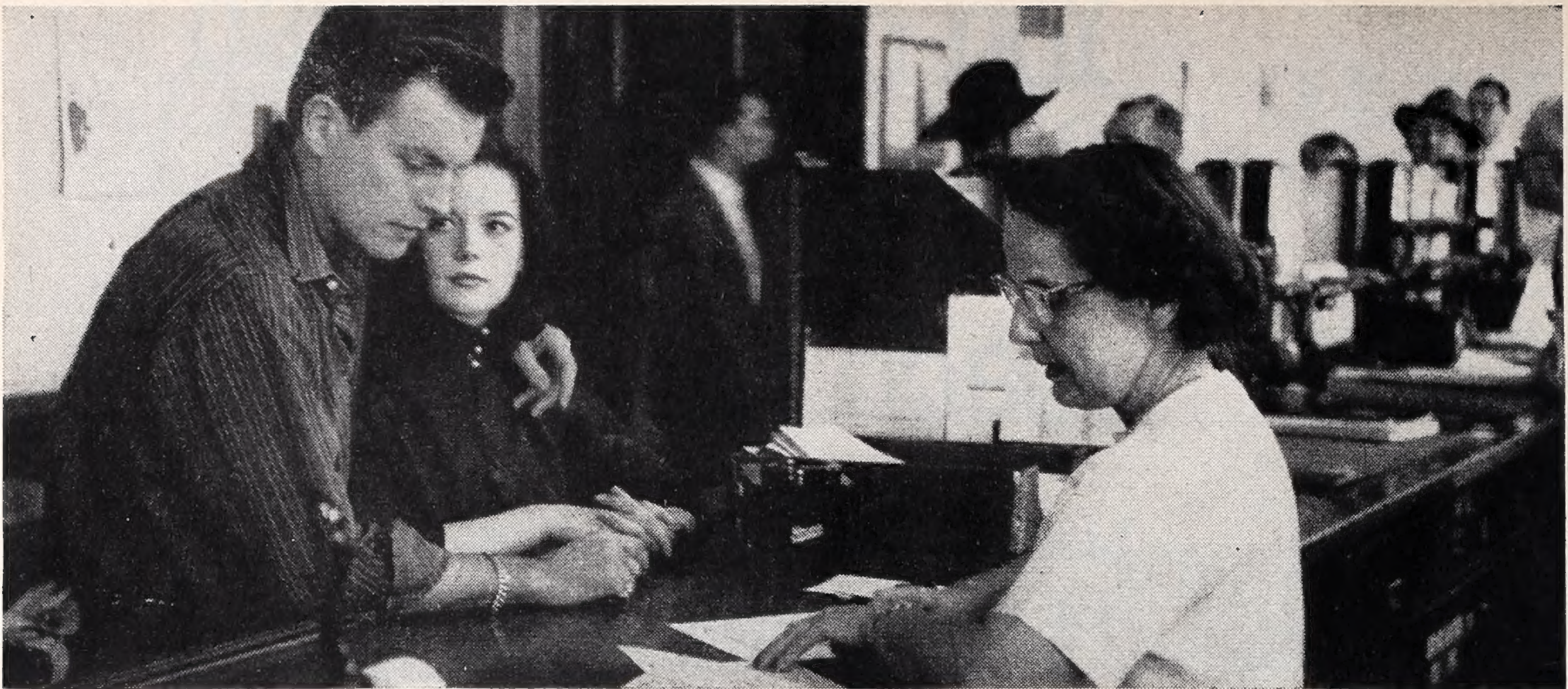


Brush away bad breath? Impossible! Germs in the mouth cause 9 out of 10 cases of bad breath (halitosis)—and no tooth paste kills germs the way Listerine Antiseptic does. Listerine kills germs by the millions—stops bad breath four times better than tooth paste. Nothing—absolutely nothing—stops bad breath as effectively as The Listerine Way. Reach for Listerine and gargle it full-strength, morning and night!

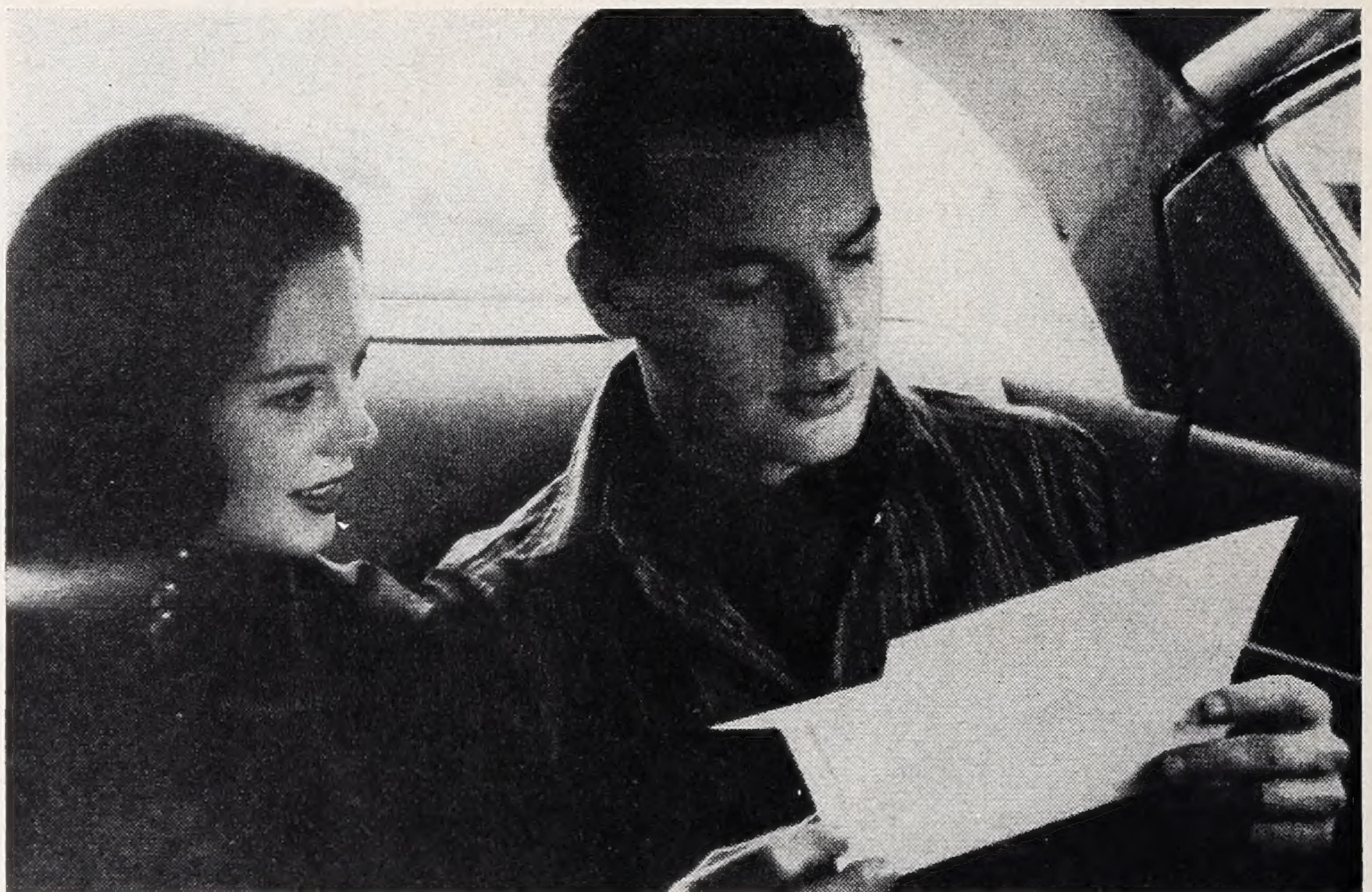


Reach for Listerine

...Your No. 1 Protection Against Bad Breath



"We got to Phoenix at 6:30 a.m.," reports photog Bill Avery. "It was dark and cold!" But after breakfast (when R.J. and Nick broke open the first bottle of champagne!) the two had to go to get their wedding license. "Funny how it makes you feel—so solemn—even though it's just an ordinary office," said Nat, and Bob agreed. On the way back to the hotel they kept looking at their license, handling it gingerly, as if it were the most precious thing in the world—which, no doubt, to them it was. "Now try to get some rest when we get back," Bob murmured gently. "We have the rehearsal, this afternoon." Nat only smiled, and let her head fall happily against his shoulder



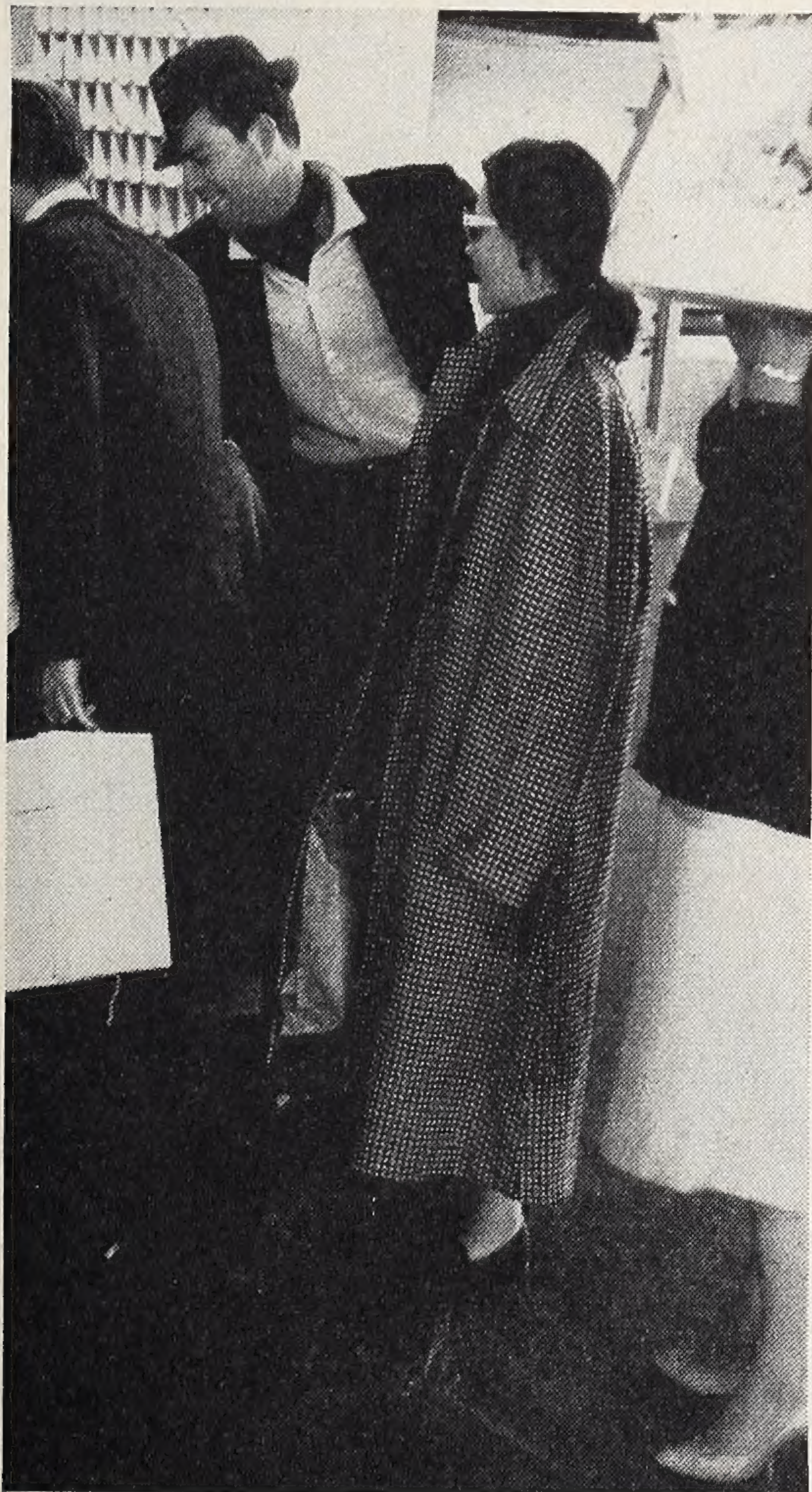
Scottsdale at last! The charming hotel "Valley Ho" looked wonderful to this weary crew, who could hardly wait to unload their baggage and get a little shut-eye—if they could!



Photoplay was there

Adams standing in for R.J., and Prudence Maree for Nat, went off without a hitch. After the rehearsal, R.J. and Nat spent an hour with the Rev. Knaus, who performed the double ring ceremony. That evening there was a wedding dinner at the Lulu Belle, but after a half-hour Nat confessed she was just too nervous, and left the table. Bob, of course, called her every half-hour to see how she was. The wedding day, December 28th, was lovely. Nat donned her white chiffon gown, form-fitting with a cowl-effect veil, embroidered with pearls. But alas, her bouquet, which R.J. had flown down, hadn't withstood the trip! Luckily, a local florist sent one just in time. And entering the hushed First Methodist Church, Natalie and Bob began the most cherished moments of their lives—moments they'll share with you when we bring you their own wedding album next month!

continued



Nat and Bob check in. He shared a suite with Nick, she shared one with Barbara Gould, maid of honor to-be



Does your deodorant ever fail
in active moments...
ever irritate your underarms?

No matter how active you are all day...New Mum stops odor without irritation

If you've ever worried about your deodorant failing, or about underarm stinging or burning from using a deodorant daily—now you can set your mind at ease.

New Mum will stop odor right through the day and evening. It's so gentle for normal skin you can use it right after shaving. Mum gives you the kind of protection you can't get from any other leading deodorant. It works a *different* way!

Contains no aluminum salts

Mum Cream is the only leading deodorant that works entirely by stopping odor... contains no astringent aluminum salts. And it keeps on working actively to stop odor 24 hours a day with M-3—Mum's own hexachlorophene that destroys *odor and odor-causing bacteria*. Try Mum!

SO GENTLE FOR ANY NORMAL SKIN
YOU CAN USE IT FREELY EVERY DAY



WON'T DAMAGE CLOTHES

MUM[®] contains M-3...stops odor 24 hours a day
(BACTERIA-DESTROYING)
(HEXACHLOROPHENE)

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

Photoplay was there *continued*



"R.J. was too excited to sleep," said Nick, "so we talked until dawn." Then the two bachelors shared a single glass of champagne, a toast to bygone times

Before they knew it, the moment had come and gone, when they stood before the Rev. Knaus, took their vows in the quiet of the Methodist church, with only the wedding party present. "This is forever," Nat whispered, after Bob kissed her. And the glow on her face as she greeted the crowd told them how much she meant it



no lotion!

New kind of
Home Permanent
from
Procter & Gamble

**The end papers do the
waving for you**

Every end paper contains its own
waving ingredients—just the right
amount for each curl

Because the end papers them-
selves measure out the waving
action, your wave will be perfect

Easiest, fastest way yet to a really
lasting wave—just wind, wet with
pure, clear water, and neutralize

Why didn't somebody think of this before? A home
permanent with the wave in the end papers instead
of a bottle of lotion. That's Procter & Gamble's
new PACE.

Guesswork taken out. Because each paper con-
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never too much, never too little—you get a perfect
permanent *automatically*.

No more waves that take in one place, don't in

another. No more stragglers or strays. No more
"first week" frizz.

No messy, strong-smelling lotion. Just wind
hair as usual, wet with water, neutralize, and look!
An even, lasting wave that looks like a gift of nature.

So now there's no reason to leave the house for
a permanent. Not when it's next to no fuss at all
to get one at home. That's with PACE—the worry-
free way to a perfect wave. How about today?



Costs no more than lotion permanents—\$2 plus tax.
Choice of 3 strengths: Regular... Gentle... Super

Wind curls as usual. Any home permanent
curlers will do. (End papers do the waving.)

Squeeze on clear water with PACE'S handy
plastic bottle. No messy, strong-smelling lotion.



Pace *Procter & Gamble's
no lotion permanent*

Address your letters to Readers Inc., Photoplay,
205 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, New York. We
regret that we are unable to return or reply to any letters
not published in this column. If you want to start a fan
club or write to favorite stars, address them at their studios.—Ed.

READERS INC...

Hugh's the Most!

... Perhaps you have heard that I've signed a four-year deal with 20th Century-Fox for one picture a year. I am very excited and happy about this, and I want you to know that I think Daniel Stern's article and the accompanying full-page color shot in Photoplay had something to do with their wanting me.

HUGH O'BRIAN
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Hugh:

Your letter couldn't have pleased us or thrilled us more! It couldn't have happened to a nicer guy or a more deserving talent.—Ed.

On behalf of the many friends and fans of Hugh O'Brian, I would like to thank you for the article on Hugh in the December issue.

Again, I say "Thanks!" and here's hoping that it's just one of the many issues of Photoplay in which Hugh will be featured.

MARIE PUENTE
Detroit, Mich.

I, being the state chairman in Connecticut, of the Hugh O'Brian Friends' Club, am writing to thank you for the wonderful story on Hugh. I was never so happy and surprised as when I received Photoplay and saw his name on the cover.

You made one little error in the story, though. You said that Hugh has glinting blue eyes. Hugh actually has dark brown eyes. Don't think I'm being mean. I'm not.



In fact, I think your magazine is wonderful, including the other stories you have in it.

SHIRLEY STROBINO
Bethel, Conn.

Hugh's eyes are glinting, O.K., but you're so right—they're brown!—Ed.

I read your December Photoplay, and I enjoyed reading it very much. Most of all, I enjoyed "The Return of Hugh O'Brian," and the tinted picture is dreamy (for framing). Thank you very much for the nice story on Hugh. He is my favorite star of all. I would like for you to write about Hugh's record album. I like it very much. It's called "Hugh O'Brian (TV's Wyatt Earp) Sings," and I like his single records, too ("Don't Move" and "I'm Walkin' Away").

CLARA WALKER
Tulsa, Okla.

Look-alikes?

I have just been looking at "The Ladies Home Journal Treasury" and came across Sargeant's cover portrait of January, 1904, of the young Ethel Barrymore. I was struck by the amazing resemblance to Natalie Wood's photos. If ever a movie is made of the life of this grand lady, I believe Natalie should play the younger part.

BARBARA SMITH
Valley Falls, N. Y.

Sheep-like Teens?

Many, many years of Photoplay, but my first time to write. Remember the wholesome

type of teenager that Jeanne Crain used to portray on the screen?

It seems such a shame to see the youngsters of today following certain sheep-like codes of conduct with no thought to their future; early steady dating, for instance, that only brings early marriage and no time for group fun, silly mistakes and time to grow up.

There must be many parents like ourselves, who are trying to overcome this kind of thinking.

I suppose there are some sophisticated youngsters who would think the early Jeanne Crain type pictures corny, but perhaps they are the ones looking for an easy "out," a good excuse for their behavior.

MRS. R. M. ALBRECHT
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Letters from Abroad

I am a boy who lives in Korea, and I am in the second year of high school. I have been reading Photoplay before, so I found your address in the October issue. I wish to correspond with Elizabeth Taylor, but I couldn't find her present address. Will you please let me know it?

CHONG YUN LEE
Seoul, Korea

Thank you for your letter, Chong. You can reach Miss Taylor by writing her care of M-G-M, 10202 West Washington Blvd., Culver City, Calif.—Ed.

All Elvis Presley fans here in Jamaica were very annoyed at the banning of his Christmas carols album. I think it is a bit of presumptuousness on the part of those people who had it banned. After all, don't you think it is the clergy who should object? And seeing that they don't object, what right have those people to? Everybody knows that Elvis is a religious boy and he has a right to sing the carols if he wants to, so long as he isn't disrespectful. And if he had been, the clergy would have objected immediately. We think it is a shame how Elvis is hounded by those busybodies who are jealous of his position. I can assure you that he is liked not only by the "wild" teenagers. I have proof of that in my own family. My father and mother like Elvis just as much as we kids do, even more. They are not the only ones, either. I know many families where Elvis is liked by parents as well as kids.

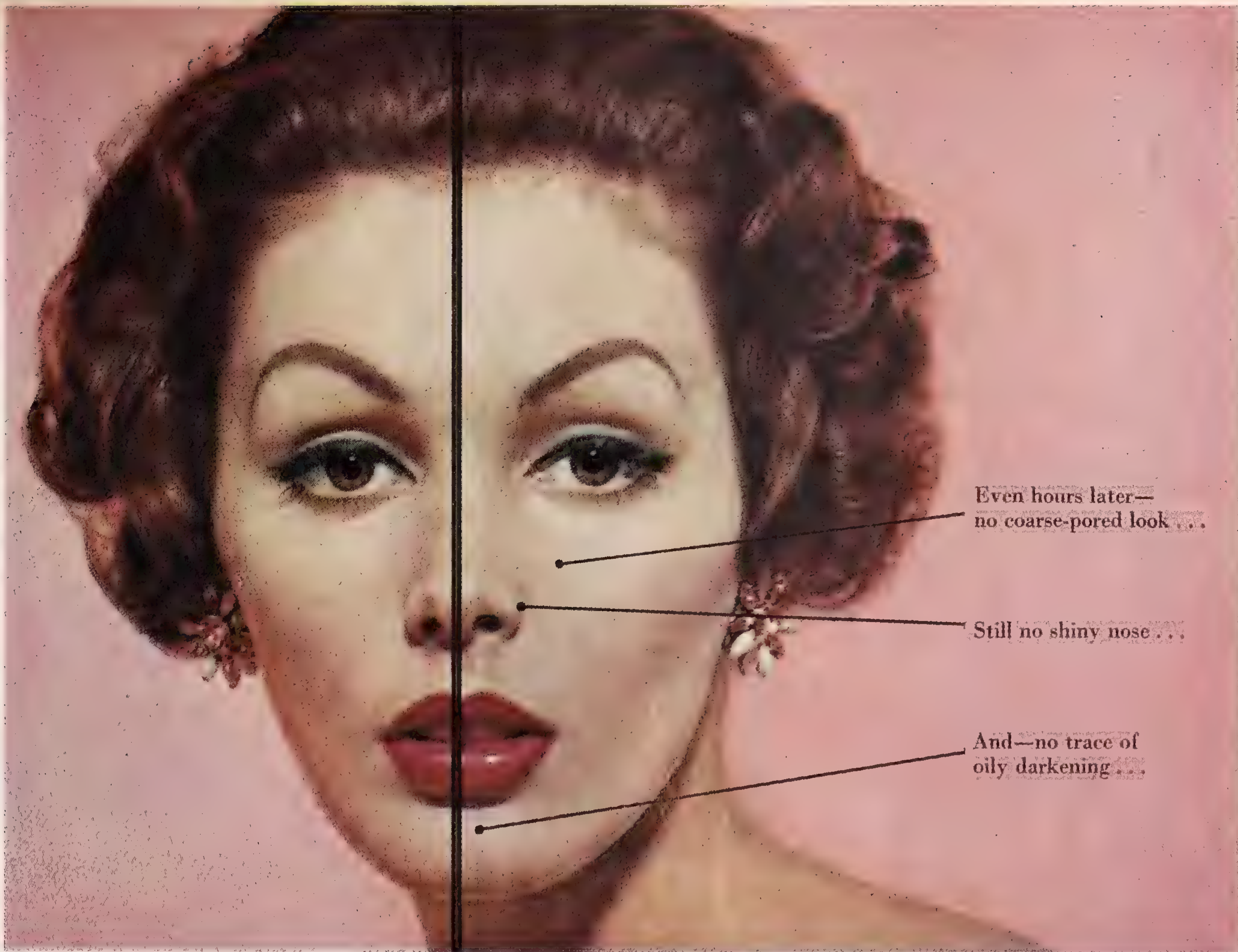
So I wish that people who do not like Elvis would realize that he is just a kid himself and stop persecuting him, as it were.

We here would like to know if there is anything that we could do to try and rectify the injustice that has been done to Elvis. We wish him all the luck in the future and we hope he will overcome all

continued



Reader Barbara Smith points out the amazing resemblance between Natalie Wood and the young Ethel Barrymore; suggests she star in film about Ethel. A great idea!



Even hours later—
no coarse-pored look...

Still no shiny nose...

And—no trace of
oily darkening...

Instantly your skin takes on luscious new perfection
... so velvety you don't even need powder!

Hours later your complexion *still* looks radiantly fresh.
This amazing new liquid make-up never turns greasy!

DISCOVERED

a really long-lasting liquid make-up!

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so velvety you don't even need powder!

Glow that lasts. Now—you'll never look faded again. Imagine—
a beautifully flattering "cover-up" that
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Touch won't fade off... won't streak or
muddy on your skin.

Luscious finish that clings! Now you'll never look
shiny again. New Angel Touch is creamy-
smoothing—but not greasy. No need to
blot up extra oiliness with powder. Angel
Touch stays velvety without powder.

Squeeze out one drop at a time! Now—no waste, no
spilly mess. In heavenly squeeze bottle
that gives just the amount you want.
Won't leak in your purse!



POND'S
*Angel
Touch*

Stunning new
squeeze bottle

6 "Love-Light" shades
59¢ or \$1.00 *plus tax*

READERS INC... *continued*

his difficulties that have been placed there by people who have no right to interfere in his affairs.

SHEILA KHOURI
Jamaica, B.W.I.

I am glad that Lee Marvin is finally getting the break he deserves—even though it is in television. He is starring in a weekly cops and robbers series called "M Squad." This fine actor has been at the job for many years, and he has not got the reputation he so richly deserves.

BOB SILVERMAN
Vancouver, B.C.

I am in the Coast Guard and stationed in Honolulu.

The latest flick I have seen is the wonderful drama, "A Hatful of Rain." Anthony Franciosa was superb. If he does not win some kind of an award for his role, I will be very surprised. For my money and my movie ticket, Anthony Franciosa is the best supporting actor for '57, if not the best actor.

W. P. HARDEN
Honolulu, Hawaii

Bravo for Jean-Pierre

A belated bravo for your "Brief Review" of "The Seventh Sin." The film had the haunting quality of Chinese chimes which



What could be better than one Kim Novak? Two, of course! And model Charlene Chase is a real look-alike for the lovely Kim. Her mother sent us this striking photo



go on ringing in the memory. Despite the regrettable brevity of his role, Jean-Pierre Aumont was again outstanding. When will Hollywood give him a role adequate for his abilities?

DELA PAQUERETTE
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Praise for Joan

I have just finished reading "God's Greatest Gift to Me," by Joan Crawford. I found it to be a very heart-warming story. Miss Crawford has faced life with warm courage and high hope. She is the kind of mother any child would be proud of. Please write more about Joan, and thank you for such a wonderful story.

GAY BEARD
Jonesville, La.

Perfect Pair

I have just seen "April Love," and thought it was a wonderful picture. Pat Boone and Shirley Jones made a very cute pair and I'm sure others as well as myself would like to see them co-starred again.

JOANNE C.
Milwaukee, Wis.

Forgive and Forget

Most of us have welcomed Ingrid Bergman back into our hearts. But there are some who can't forgive and forget. Those are the people who forget the countless hours they spent in movie theaters watching movies like "Notorious," "Casablanca," "Saratoga Trunk," "Gaslight," "The Bells of St. Marys," "For Whom the Bell Tolls," and "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." Not to forget the first American movie we all saw her in, "Intermezzo," and all the others we saw and enjoyed, the way we laughed

and cried. We did enjoy those hours and we still enjoy those movies in re-release and on TV and Ingrid in "Anastasia" and others.

She is one of the greatest living actresses in the world, and it is a shame some people are afraid to enjoy her talents because of her misfortune. They forget she is a woman and not the idol they thought she was.

MARLENE T. ROTH
Chicago, Ill.

Fan Approval

Thank you for the very nice article you published about Jean Seberg. Members from all over have been writing to say how much they enjoyed it.

JUDY QUINTILLIAN
JEAN SEBERG FAN CLUB
Bronx, N. Y.

More Look-alikes

This is my daughter, Charlene Chase, who is a model. Everyone seems to think she looks just like Kim Novak. Would you care to use this picture as one of your look alikes?

ADELE CHASE
Miami Beach, Fla.

We certainly would! See above.—Ed.

Brynnner's a Winner

Would like to compliment Yul Brynner for such good acting. Just saw the movie "The Ten Commandments." It was wonderful. Yul was excellent. "The King and I" was good, but "The Ten Commandments" tops the list. Please let's have more of him. He's wonderful, and that sure was a good picture of him in Photoplay.

FRANCES J.
Kannapolis, N. C.
continued



Ingrid Bergman's children are helping her forget past troubles. A reader urges others to forgive and forget, too

new nylon miracle

at your
fingertips!



Now! Same look, same wear as a salon manicure!
Cutex new Nylon "Precision" Brush does the trick!

You know all the miracles of nylon!
Now see what wonders it performs on your fingertips. Gives nails the same luxury look, the same lasting wear as a professional manicure—for a fraction of the cost!

New Cutex Nylon "Precision" Brush strokes polish on perfectly, with new smoothness, new ease. Controls polish so there's no smearing, no "running."

Instantly, polish dries. Nails sparkle with a flawless finish that looks and lasts like a salon manicure!

Get Cutex... it's the best at any price!

CUTEX

World's largest selling manicure aids



Spillpruf too! 35¢
matching Cutex Lipstick, 35¢ to 79¢

READERS INC... continued

For More Saxon

Your last story on John Saxon was very well done, but I think everyone would like to see more pictures of him. He has very masculine looks, and his acting is just as great, if not better. Don't you think he bears a resemblance to the actor Louis Jourdan? I like the name John Saxon, but Carmen Orrico was a very nice name, also. How about another story real soon, huh?

MISS CAROLYN PARKER
Everett, Mass.

... more Gabor

I've just finished reading the December issue of Photoplay, and I was very pleased to find an article about those two beautiful Gabor sisters. I find only one thing wrong with Photoplay. You don't print enough about those beautiful dolls. I've never seen either of their names in "Readers Inc.," but I'm hoping to very soon, even if my letter doesn't make the column. Please don't disappoint all of their many fans. Thank you so very much.

JACKIE STOGGS
Campobello, S. C.

Praise for Tony

Recently I saw a motion picture that left a lasting impression. It was "A Hatful of Rain." The acting was terrific. The whole cast is deserving of an award for outstanding performances.

I think that all teenagers should see this motion picture. After seeing it, they couldn't possibly think of trying dope just for "kicks" like some do. I think it would cut down the alarmingly increasing number of teenagers going on dope. After seeing how much harm and heartache it causes themselves and their loved ones, no one in their right mind could possibly think of even trying it.

Anthony Franciosa stole the show. His portrayal of *Polo* is deserving of the Academy Award for "The Best Supporting Actor." He commands your attention from the moment he steps on the screen. It's been a long time since I've seen talent like his. I have nothing but praise for Mr. Franciosa.

LUCILLE PRY
Pacific Beach, Calif.

Elvis and . . .

I want to congratulate you on the stories they have written about Elvis. You don't bury him in your magazine as other magazines have tried to do. Keep up the good work and I'll always subscribe to Photoplay. If there is anyone who has a fan club for Elvis, would they please let me know?

ARLENE STEVENS
Chicago, Ill.

The Real Elvis

I want to congratulate you on the stunning picture of Elvis Presley in your November issue. All the pictures I have seen of him are always posed and artificial, but yours certainly showed the real Elvis.



"I realize Jayne's just like any other girl off-screen," writes a Wisconsin reader after enjoying article written by Jayne's mother

This is not smart-alecky or posed like most of them. I wish more people would just look at this picture. They would see a person that could be their next door neighbor, own son, or boy friend, instead of the rock 'n' roll demon some people make Elvis out to be. Thanks, and let's see more of the real Elvis!

MARSHA GODSIL
Galesburg, Ill.

New slant on Jayne

I enjoy Photoplay because of the pictures and articles about certain people. Before I read the article about Jayne Mansfield, I thought she was the sexiest actress in Hollywood, but now I realize differently. After I read the article told by her mother in the December issue of Photoplay, I realized that she's just like any other girl off the screen. I was ashamed of what I thought of her and I only wish that more teenagers and adults would read the articles in Photoplay about certain stars they have the wrong impression about.

LARUE AHLSTROM
Superior, Wis.

Question, please

What is Rick Jason's real name? I saw in a recent article that his name is Ric Marlowe. Am I correct?

JUDY WHALEY
Sacramento, Cal.

Rick Jason was born Richard Jason.—Ed.

Introducing the Debbie-Do!

Maybe I'm wrong, but it seems to me that Debbie Reynolds' hairdo looks different these days. Am I right, and if so, can you please tell me how I can arrange mine the same way? I think it looks so flattering.

SANDRA L.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

In answer to your letter, Sandra, we asked Debbie the same question. "Yes, it's a new hairdo," she replied, "which Eddie calls my 'Debbie-Do!'" And when we asked her to describe and explain it to our readers, Deb was more than willing.

"The first requisite," she began, "is long hair. Second, long hairpins—I use them the same color as my hair—and a few short pins. Next, you need at least two side combs to bolster the hair and give it body.

"Next, brush hair away from face, without parting it. Take hold of all the hair in one hand and brush upward toward ceiling. Then pull hair to one side and fasten with a comb or elastic band. Take the wide strand of hair so that it forms a tiara across the crown of the head.

"Fasten loose ends neatly with small hairpins. A comb may be inserted underneath the tiara of hair to give it height and body. And an additional comb should be used to keep the back hair neat."

A bangs-lover since her school days, Debbie adds a few curls around her face, giving a soft touch to an otherwise sleek hairdo. Another variation of the Debbie-do, says Photoplay's beauty editor, is to braid hair after fastening it with a comb instead of leaving the long strands "untethered."

Debbie tops the "do" off with a quick swish of hairspray, because even balmy California breezes can do havoc to hairdos, and Debbie loves to keep the top of her sportscar down!—Ed.

"Debbie-do" made debut in Photoplay



“

so reassuring”



You're so sure of yourself, really sure, with Kotex. The gentle Kotex napkin is the safest, surest kind of protection you can find. Without fail, Kotex absorbs both instantly and completely—gives you perfect fit—won't rub, won't chafe.

Then, discover the new Kotex belt in its smart new package. All Kotex belts now have the new kind of self-locking clasp that molds itself gently to your body, holds the napkin securely.

No wonder more women choose Kotex than all other brands



Memo to Mothers: Every year over 100,000 girls begin to menstruate before they are eleven. So it's not too soon to tell your daughter at ten. Our free booklet "You're A Young Lady Now" helps give the facts she needs to know. Write Miss Jones, Kimberly-Clark Corp., Neenah, Wis.



KOTEX is a trademark of Kimberly-Clark Corporation



Jane Powell
starring in
"THE FEMALE ANIMAL"
A Universal International Picture
In CinemaScope

JANE POWELL, beautiful Lustre-Creme Girl says: "Yes, I use Lustre-Creme Shampoo! Blonde hair just has to shine and look soft. A Lustre-Creme Shampoo works that magic for me every time." Lustre-Creme is used by the world's most glamorous women—shouldn't *you* use it, too?

For the most beautiful hair
in the world
4 out of 5 top movie stars
use Lustre-Creme Shampoo

When Jane Powell says, "I use Lustre-Creme Shampoo," you're listening to a girl whose beautiful hair plays a vital part in her glamour-career.

Your hair can have that Hollywood-lovely look with Lustre-Creme Shampoo. Under the spell of its lanolin-blessed lather, your hair will shine like the stars! Yet it's so easy-to-manage—even right after shampooing. Waves are smooth—curls springy.

You'll see—and *he* will, too—how much lovelier your hair can look when you change to Lustre-Creme, the shampoo of the stars!

Lanolin-blessed
creme or lotion
never dries . . .
it beautifies



CASTS

OF CURRENT PICTURES

ADMIRABLE CRICHTON, THE—Columbia. Directed by Lewis Gilbert: *Crichton*, Kenneth More; *Tweeny*, Diane Cilento; *Lord Loam*, Cecil Parker; *Lady Mary*, Sally Ann Howes; *Lady Brocklehurst*, Marita Hunt; *Treherne*, Jack Watling; *Brocklehurst*, Peter Graves; *Ernest*, Gerald Harper; *Catherine*, Mercy Haystead; *Agatha*, Miranda Connell; *Vicar*, Miles Malleon.

AWAKENING, THE—Kingsley International. Directed by Mario Camerini: *Sister Letizia*, Anna Magnani; *Assunta*, Eleonora Rossi Drago; *Peppino*, Antonio Cifariello; *Salvatore*, Piero Boccia; *Salvatore's Aunt*, Luisa Rossi.

BONJOUR TRISTESSE—Columbia. Directed by Otto Preminger: *Anne*, Deborah Kerr; *Raymond*, David Niven; *Cecile*, Jean Seberg; *Elsa*, Mylene Demongeot; *Philippe*, Geoffrey Horne; *Pablo*, Walter Chiari; *Philippe's Mother*, Marita Hunt; *Mrs. Lombard*, Jean Kent; *Jacques*, David Oxley; *Denise*, Elga Andersen; *Hubert*, Jeremy Burnham; *Mr. Lombard*, Roland Culver; *Maid*, Evelyn Eyfel.

DARBY'S RANGERS—Warners. Directed by William A. Wellman: *Maj. Wm. Darby*, James Garner; *Angelina De Lotta*, Etchika Choureaux; *M/Sgt. Saul Rosen*, Jack Warden; *Lieut. Arnold Dittman*, Edward Byrnes; *Peggy McTavish*, Venetia Stevenson; *Sgt. McTavish*, Torin Thatcher; *Rollo Burns*, Peter Brown; *Wendy Hollister*, Joan Elan; *Tony Sutherland*, Corey Allen; *Hank Bishop*, Stuart Whitman; *Sims Delancey*, Murray Hamilton; *Eli Clatworthy*, Bill Wellman, Jr.; *Sheilah Andrews*, Andrea King; *"Heavy" Hall*, Adam Williams; *Lady Hollister*, Frieda Inescort; *Sir Arthur*, Reginald Owen; *John Andrews*, Philip Tonge; *Lieut. Manson*, Edward Ashley; *Maj. Gen. Wise*, Raymond Bailey; *Brig. Gen. Truscott*, Willis Bouche.

DEEP SIX, THE—Warners. Directed by R. Mace: *Alec Austen*, Alan Ladd; *Susan Cahill*, Dianne Foster; *Frenchy Shapiro*, William Bendix; *Lt. Comdr. Edge*, Keenan Wynn; *Comdr. Meredith*, James Whitmore; *Lieut. Blanchard*, Efrem Zimbalist, Jr.; *Ski Krakowski*, Joey Bishop; *Claire Innes*, Barbara Eiler; *Slobodgian*, Ross Bagdasarian; *Mrs. Austen*, Jeanette Nolan; *Al Mendoza*, Perry Lopez.

FAREWELL TO ARMS, A—20th. Directed by Charles Vidor: *Lt. Frederick Henry*, Rock Hudson; *Nurse Catherine Barkley*, Jennifer Jones; *Major Alessandro Rinaldi*, Vittorio De Sica; *Father Galli*, Alberto Sordi; *Bonello*, Kurt Kasznar; *Miss Van Campen*, Mercedes McCambridge; *Doctor Emerich*, Oscar Homolka; *Helen Ferguson*, Elaine Stritch; *Passini*, Leopoldo Trieste; *Aymo*, Franco Interlenghi.

FLOOD TIDE—U-I. Directed by Abner Biberman: *Steve Martin*, George Nader; *Anne Gordon*, Cornell Borchers; *David Gordon*, Michael Ray; *Dr. Harvey Thornwald*, Judson Pratt; *Barbara*, Joanna Moore.

GIFT OF LOVE—20th. Directed by Jean Negulesco: *Julie Beck*, Lauren Bacall; *Bill Beck*, Robert Stack; *Hitty*, Evelyn Rudie; *Grant Allan*, Lorne Greene; *Miss McMasters*, Anne Seymour; *Dr. Miller*, Edward Platt; *Mr. Rynicker*, Joseph Kearns.

GIRL MOST LIKELY—U-I. Directed by Mitchell Leisen: *Dodie*, Jane Powell; *Pete*, Cliff Robertson; *Niel*, Keith Andes; *Buzz*, Tommy Noonan; *Dodie's Father*, Frank Cady; *Mother*, Una Merkel; *Pauline*, Judy Nugent; *Marge*, Kaye Ballard.

RAINTREE COUNTY—M-G-M. Directed by Edward Dmytryk: *John Wickliff Shawnessy*, Montgomery Clift; *Susanna Drake*, Elizabeth Taylor; *Nell Gaither*, Eva Marie Saint; *Jerusalem Webster Stiles*, Nigel Patrick; *Orville "Flash" Perkins*, Lee Marvin; *Garwood B. Jones*, Rod Taylor; *Ellen Shawnessy*, Agnes Moorehead; *T. D. Shawnessy*, Walter Abel; *Barbara Drake*, Jarma Lewis; *Bobby Drake*, Tom Drake; *Ezra Gray*, Rhys Williams; *Niles Foster*, Russell Collins; *Southern Officer*, DeForest Kelley.

SING BOY SING—20th. Directed by Henry Ephron: *Virgil Walker*, Tommy Sands; *Leora Easton*, Lili Gentle; *Joseph Sharkey*, Edmond O'Brien; *Rev. Walker*, John McIntire; *C. K. Judd*, Nick Adams; *Pat*, Diane Jergens; *Caroline Walker*, Josephine Hutchinson; *Fisher*, Jerry Paris; *Ginnie*, Tami Conner; *Rev. Easton*, Regis Toomey.

WILD IS THE WIND—Paramount. Directed by George Cukor: *Gioia*, Anna Magnani; *Gino*, Anthony Quinn; *Bene*, Anthony Franciosa; *Angie*, Dolores Hart; *Alberto*, Joseph Calleia; *Teresa*, Lili Valenty.

WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION—U.A. Directed by Billy Wilder: *Leonard Vole*, Tyrone Power; *Christine Vole*, Marlene Dietrich; *Sir Wilfrid Robarts*, Charles Laughton; *Miss Plimsoll*, Elsa Lanchester; *Brogan Moore*, John Williams; *Mayhew*, Henry Daniell; *Carter*, Ian Wolfe; *Janet McKenzie*, Una O'Connor; *Mr. Meyers*, Torin Thatcher; *Judge*, Frances Compton; *Mrs. French*, Norma Varden; *Inspector Hearne*, Philip Tonge; *Diana*, Ruta Lee; *Miss McHugh*, Molly Roden; *Miss Johnson*, Ottola Nesmith; *Miss O'Brien*, Marjorie Eaton.

Sara Hamilton's

INSIDE STUFF

Ava Called, Frankie Flew: **Ava Gardner**, in New York for consultation on a split lip sustained in a fall from a horse in Spain, turned for consolation to the one man everyone suspected was always first in her heart—**Frank Sinatra**. And despite the bitterness between them and that Mexican divorce Ava obtained last year, Frank hopped the next plane for Ava and New York. Which makes him a good guy in my book. I'm told time and surgery will erase all traces of minor injuries to Ava's lovely face.

That Brando Brew: Straight as a homing pigeon, I received the news of stress and strain in the **Marlon Brando** household before the news hit Hollywood. One of **Anna Kashfi's** closest friends whispered that Marlon was a sullen, unhappy man, and wondered how long Anna could take it. I'm told the confused identity that surrounded Anna as a bride has nothing to do with the present unhappiness.

In that case, I wonder who employed that European detective to track down Anna's real identity. Seems odd, doesn't it?

Sara Says: Just when it looked as if **Elvis Presley** wouldn't be Army-bound for a long, long time—wham! his "greetings" arrived, catching both Elvis and Paramount off base.

Elvis himself won't lift a hand to get out of the deal, although Paramount hoped for a deferment so he could finish up "King Creole." In truth, Elvis thinks it's only right he should go. But Paramount, who stood to lose \$300,000, thus far put out for the film, won postponement of his Army stint to finish it.

continued



Things are looking up for Marge and Gower Champion. Although saddened by Marge's recent miscarriage, Champions have proved tops lately in nightclubs, TV

INSIDE STUFF

continued



Heart Department: **Hugh O'Brian** tells me that **Nancy Sinatra** is the nicest girl he's met in Hollywood. But Nancy's heart belongs to **Frankie**—that walking housing development whose every apartment seems occupied with someone's hoped-for dream. What a man . . . **Jeff Chandler** and **Esther Williams** continue to lunch here and there around town, but bets are that high price of freedom stipulated in **Marjorie**

Chandler's divorce action, and the fact **Esther** and **Jeff** won't see each other for almost a year, due to respective movie commitments, will cool their ardor. **Marge Chandler** requests half the community property—\$5,000 monthly for herself and \$1,500 for their two children. Ouch! . . . **Count Mario Bandini** has bought a new, large apartment near **Rome's Via Veneto**, and friends say it is intended for **Kim Novak** . . . With **Mrs. Rock Hudson's** application for divorce, the last hope of a reconciliation fades away. But let's face it. This marriage seemed doomed from the start. **Rock** couldn't take being tied down, but found out too late. **Efram Zimbalist, Jr.** (above) with **Mrs. Z.**, sparked the "Sayonara" preem. His film future looks bright.



Our photographer caught **Sara Hamilton**, *Photoplay's* newest Hollywood columnist, during chat with **Audrey** and **Mel F.**



Janet and Tony Curtis just bought a new home, says **Sara**, who predicts they'll soon enlarge clan

Hollywood's "New Look" in Starlets: **Sandra Dee** is Hollywood's newest pet, and so typical of the town's New Look in starlets. She's young, bright, earnest and gentle. With brassy blondes and heaped-up bosoms definitely old hat, excitement in movietown today centers on such new teenage personalities as **Misses Sandra, Lili Gentle** and **Dolores Hart**. All young ladies of proven talent.

At fifteen, **Sandra** is already a veteran of such movies as "Until They Sail," "The Wonderful Years," "Ride a Tiger," and one still to come, "The Reluctant Debutante," with **Rex Harrison** and **Kay Kendall**. In fact, from the moment producer **Ross Hunter** spotted the former **Conover** model on a TV show and cast her opposite **John Saxon** in "The Wonderful Years," she's been on her way to definite stardom. Today, **Sandra** attends school on whichever lot she happens to be, and lives quietly with her mother.

Lili Gentle, who recently became the bride of producer **Richard Zanuck**, son of the famous **Darryl Zanuck**, will go right on making movies at 20th Century-Fox, and for a very personal reason. **Lili** wants to carry on for sister **Janet**, who died of polio and who always wanted to be an actress. The studio wants seventeen-year-old **Lili** to carry on for purely commercial reasons. Her work in "The Girl Can't Help It," "Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?" and "Sing Boy Sing," with **Tommy Sands**, delighted the fans and studio bosses. Both **Tommy** and **Nick Adams**, also in the film, think **Lili** is the living most. And the drama teacher from **Lili's** hometown of **Birmingham, Ala.**, who sent her to **New York** for the test that won her a contract, always knew **Lili** was.

Nineteen-year-old **Dolores Hart**, the third member of the "Speak Softly and Perform Expertly" group, stirred up a fan-fuss as the sweetheart of **Elvis Presley** in "Loving You." And stirred up even greater interest as **Tony Quinn's** daughter in "Wild Is the Wind." But **Dolores's** biggest swirl lies just ahead as **Elvis's** leading lady in his most important movie to date, "King Creole," Paramount's super **Elvis** Epic.

Dolores, a graduate of **Marymount College** in **West Los Angeles**, found her way into movies through the school play, "Joan of Lorraine." Today, a starlet-to-be, **Dolores** lives quietly with her family out **San Fernando** way. And studies diligently.

Romance: To me, the only difference between **Lana Turner**, **Rita Hayworth** and **Kim Novak** is their names. Each of these beautiful women permit their hearts to rule their heads, and sometimes put romance before career and act strictly on impulse.

"Everything turns out better for me when I act on the moment," Kim Novak told me on the "Vertigo" set. "I may marry **Mario Bandini** the minute he arrives in America."

For two nights in a row, Kim had been on the town with visiting **Aly Khan** and despite the pearly-toned makeup and long, blonde wig, she looked weary. And what other star of Kim's caliber would take time out for romance during shooting time?

Of course, Senor Bandini in Rome heard all about Kim's dates with the fabulous Khan almost on the eve of his arrival. And of course he was in a first-class snit. Which didn't seem to bother illogical Kim one whit. Which is typical. If Bandini is furious, there's always Aly, who keeps telephoning. And back home in Chicago, there's **Dr. Ernest Wynder**, her mother's choice after **Mac Krim**. And, too, there's always Mac.

So—like her lovely counterparts who live by impulse and apparently have a ball—why worry?

Tid-Bits: The town is whispering over that small feud between **Roz Russell**, the departing "Auntie Mame" of Broadway, and her replacement, **Greer Garson**. Seems Miss Garson's reportedly tactless remarks concerning the role brought on the friction. But one thing is sure. Roz will receive a warm, all-encompassing welcome back to Hollywood. I don't know who's saying goodbye to Miss Garson . . . And speaking of feuds, that was a dilly between **Dale Robertson** and **Gina Lollobrigida** during the making of "Anna of Brooklyn" in Rome. But then Dale, one of the



The John Kerrs and the Lee Philips livened Romanoffs the night of the "Peyton Place" preem. Lee has a featured role

handsomest men in the business, began feuding with the press from the moment he hit the screen. And bounced right off it, for some reason. Producer **Hal Wallis** plans "a serious **Jimmy Dean** approach to acting" for **Elvis** in his new movie, "King Creole." The acting requirements will be stiff with little wiggling or singing to relieve the tension.

I wonder if the town realizes **Phyllis Hudson** is still a convalescent after that long siege of hepatitis. A small group of friends who planned a birthday celebration for Phyllis were informed by the doctor they must eat dinner no later than six in order that Phyllis could be abed by ten. Which is almost a nightly routine. Too bad that both a physical and emotional blow came to Phyllis at the same time.

SARA HAMILTON SAYS:

Set Gaddings: **Jimmy Stewart** and **Tony Quinn** are two of my favorite people, and it was wonderful seeing them again on the Paramount lot. Tony, one of the town's finest actors and now directing "The Buccaneer," claims he's been in the films at least fifty years. With the end not yet in sight. But I noticed how his eyes lit up when his sixteen-year-old daughter, **Kathryn**, appeared on the set. "She came to see her dad direct, eh?" he beamed.

Jimmy, who is co-starring with **Kim Novak** in "Vertigo," had nice things to say about Kim's work (and I suspect director **Alfred Hitchcock** deserves much credit), and couldn't be more pleased that Kim will be with him again in "Bell, Book and Candle." "Now look here," Jimmy drawled as I left his pleasant dressing room. "Let's not make it so long between visits. You hear me?" I heard him.

The news on the "Buccaneer" set is **Yul Brynner's** lavish head of hair (with bangs yet, girls), which he removes nightly before going home. And Yul hasn't exactly won many friends by insisting the set be kept icy cold at all times. "That Asian," a co-worker snorted, nodding toward Yul, "has given us all 'Brynner flu.'" But "that Asian," puffing at a huge cigar between scenes like a cocky little dictator, is completely unmindful. He has sex appeal, he has strength and he had us all in the palm of his hand. Why should he worry?

Moods and Modes: **Audrey Hepburn** is my favorite on and off screen actress. But Audrey's new hair-do has got to go before it catches on, and we all look like Mrs. Lincoln. Drawn plainly across her charming face from a center part and all but concealing her piquant features, with nary a vestige of wave or softness, Audrey looks for all the world like a Civil War belle, without the hoops and crinolines to set it off.

Cal York Jottings: I confess, those forceful young newcomers from New York's Actors Studio—the **Gazzaras**, the **Cassavetes** and the **Newmans**—are brilliant performers. But in them I find no warmth of feeling for Hollywood as their town. No sense of belonging. Only a factory of sorts to be gotten away from as quickly as a job is done. I, who love Hollywood, can only feel a sense of loss, of personal sorrow. Until, that is. I can sit down once again for a long heart-to-heart talk with **Clark Gable**, who was and is Hollywood. Or chat with **Jimmy Stewart**, or find solid ground and reassurance in the company of **Sue** and **Alan Ladd**. And then once again I feel it's our town. A warm and wonderful place to be.

(continued)

INSIDE STUFF

continued



Jottings: **Venetia Stevenson** and **Barry Coe**, at the "Peyton Place" premiere, made a stunning pair (left) . . . **Natalie Wood Wagner's** smart black and gold sari-type frock has all the movie deb's haunting the Oriental shops for silky gauzes. Natalie's was a gift from hubby **Bob**, who carted it home from Japan for his lady love. Made with a long, flowing swoop of material over one shoulder, Natalie looks *that* sophisticated . . . And when **Susan Zanuck**, daughter of producer **Darryl**, walked into the open-house party given by director **Jean Negulesco** and wife **Dusty Anderson**, the boom fell. In her new Parisian frock of champagne-beige chiffon, Susan made the bright greens and reds that dotted the room look, well—frumpy . . . **Rhonda Fleming**, in her new champagne-beige, created by Don Loper, with which the lovely redhead wears antique jewelry set with green stones, looks just like **Lawrence Welk's** champagne music: Bubbling with loveliness.

Pictures—And People In Them: "Bridge on the River Kwai" is my choice for the Academy Oscar, with "Sayonara," "Wild Is the Wind" and "A Farewell to Arms" among the serious contenders. The feeling in Hollywood is that **Bill Holden** was more or less dragged into the "Kwai" epic, with the plum roles going to **Alec Guinness** and **Jack Hawkins**. Incidentally, **Geoffrey Horne**, the third Britisher in the film, and a handsome twenty-four, paid Hollywood a short visit, but always in the company of **Nancy Berg**. Self-assured and not too impressed (or could it have been a pose?), young Horne promised to return. Without Nancy? He wouldn't say . . . Bets are that Guinness will walk off with the Oscar for a best performance of the year. His most serious contender will be that two-time winner, **Tony Quinn**, for his work in "Wild Is the Wind." And **Magnani** in "Wind" is only wonderful. I hear from Anna's closest friends, the **Caesar Donavers**, that the tempestuous Magnani is beginning to like and to understand us. The chip is off the shoulder and the hand reached out in a gesture of friendship.

Marlon Brando's performance in "Sayonara" rates diverse opinions in Hollywood. He gave either the greatest or the weakest performance of his career. His accent was charming or he sounded like **Pearl Bailey** in a character song. He was sensitive; he was cold. But in my book, he's fascinating in anything.

If women alone voted for the Oscars, "A Farewell to Arms" would win hands down. Abounding in love and romance, **Jennifer Jones** and **Rock Hudson** tear the emotions to shreds . . . Of the new rib-tickers, I like U-I's "The Girl Most Likely."



Houses—And People In Them: **Doris Day** and **Marty Melcher** moved back into their newly-decorated (from stem to stern) home in Beverly Hills, and with Marty's luck in grabbing off the Broadway hit "Fair Game" for his bride, they're the beamingest couple in town . . . **Bob Wagner** surprised me with a telephone call about the house he and **Nat** (above) hope to buy. No honeymoon cottage for this pair. Bob says the "modest housekeeping bit" is out. What **Nat** and **Bob** hope for is a large gracious home, suitable for large and charming parties.



There appears to be no hope for a reconciliation of **Diane Varsi** and young producer **Jim Dickson**, even though the estranged couple got together for the premiere of her great triumph, "Peyton Place." Wed to Dickson for a year, unlucky-in-love Diane has a sixteen-month-old son, **Sean**, by a previous unsuccessful marriage. She denies romantic interest in **Dennis Hopper**, says **Sean** is the important man in her young life.

becoming attractions



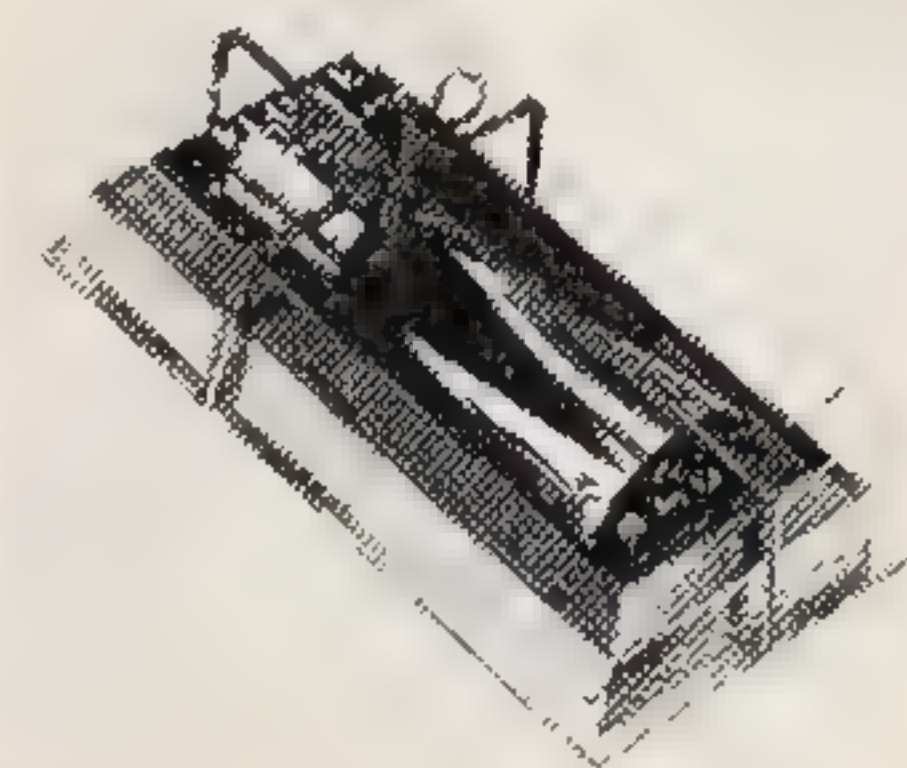
A



B



C



D



E

A. Pretty smooth: Satin Finish, new Evening in Paris lipstick by Bourjois, is formulated for sheen, cling and comfort. Six shades; golden case. 49¢*

B. Breck Banish Dandruff Treatment shampoo does the job safely, speedily, with no unpleasant odor. Leaves hair soft, clean and manageable. \$1.50

C. Pond's Angel Skin in pretty new bottle, new deeper shade of pink, is newly formulated to use as both hand and body lotion 29¢*, 54¢*, \$1.25*

D. Nice way to come clean: New "Desert Flower" perfumed bath oil by Shulton to add to bath water or rub on shoulders before showering. 1 oz., \$3.50*

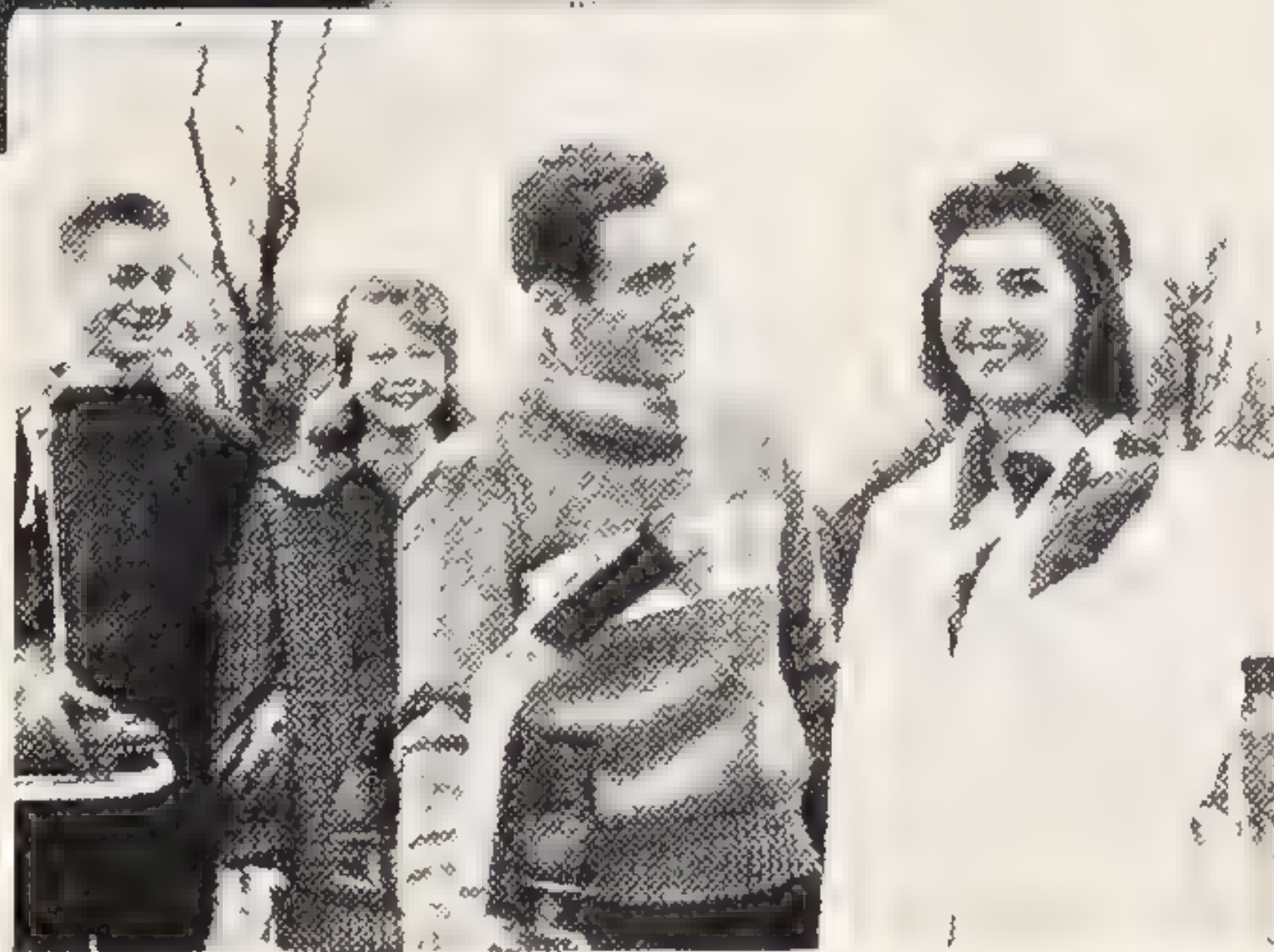
E. DuBarry's "Seven Winds" fragrance is a subtle floral, woody blend. Cologne, 4 oz., \$4.00*; perfume 1 oz., \$18.50*; dusting powder, 10 oz., \$4.00*

* plus tax

ADVICE ON SKIN BLEMISHES FROM

CLEARASIL PERSONALITY of the MONTH

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Meet popular Patricia Ferrer and some of her lively friends. Pat took top honors in high school in home economics . . . she's a beauty contest winner, too. Pat loves music, dancing, swimming, dramatics. She works as a receptionist in a busy office. When you're meeting people as often as Pat, you simply can't let pimples keep you from looking your best . . .

Read what Pat did: "I had more than my share of blemishes and blackheads and tried everything from egg whites to prescriptions, without results. One of my girl friends suggested Clearasil. I tried it and it did wonders. I thank Clearasil for the clear, smooth skin I have today."

Pat Ferrer

East Moriches, Long Island, N. Y.

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Proved by Skin Specialists! In tests on over 300 patients, 9 out of 10 cases were cleared up or definitely improved while using CLEARASIL (Lotion or Tube). In Tube, 69¢ and 98¢. Long-lasting Lotion in handy squeeze bottle only \$1.25 (no fed. tax). Money-back guarantee. At all drug counters.



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In America (Including Canada)**



LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES

WITH JANET GRAVES

At a lakeside hideaway, Jennifer and Rock forget the war that has altered their lives. But its echoes and the consequences of their love soon drive them to flight

A Farewell to Arms

20TH; CINEMASCOPE, DE LUXE COLOR

✓✓✓✓ Among the most powerful love stories of modern times, Ernest Hemingway's classic about World War I has been filmed with full honesty, yet delicacy, broad scope, yet intimacy. Rock Hudson, as the American in the ambulance corps of the Italian Army, and Jennifer Jones, as the aide in the British nursing corps, both give splendidly serious performances. But accent is less on character than on emotion; the most important fact about these two is their love, quickly realized and heedlessly obeyed. Italy's distinguished Vittorio De Sica plays Rock's friend, seemingly cynical doctor who meets a horrifying fate; good-natured Elaine Stritch contrasts with Mercedes McCambridge. ADULT

Raintree County

M-G-M, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓ Another great conflict threatens the already endangered happiness of Elizabeth Taylor and Montgomery Clift in this long drama, set before and during America's Civil War. Lovely in costumes that express romance, Southern-born Liz has no trouble trapping the sensitive Monty, who plans a teaching career in his Indiana hometown. But the marriage is filled with shadows, cast by the tragedy of the South, that blur the wife's mind; and the final clash of arms divides the couple's sympathies, though Clift doesn't rush to war posthaste. Other significant roles are lightly defined: Nigel Patrick, a free-thinking professor; Eva Marie Saint, Clift's first sweetheart; Lee Marvin, a local bully. ADULT



By another lake, in another land, wearing playtime clothes of another era, Liz and Monty also forget looming enmities that crush individual yearnings

✓✓✓✓ EXCELLENT
 ✓✓✓ VERY GOOD
 ✓✓ GOOD
 ✓ FAIR



BEST ACTING: ANNA MAGNANI

Farm life brings Anthony and Anna close

Wild Is the Wind

WALLIS,
 PARAMOUNT; VISTAVISION

✓✓✓✓ Vigorous acting—by Anna Magnani, Anthony Quinn and Anthony Franciosa—puts warm flesh on the tired if sturdy old bones of this familiar story. Born in Italy, Quinn has grown rich as a sheep rancher in the American West. Devoted to the memory of his dead wife, yet lonely, he goes to the old country to bring her sister (Anna) home as his new bride. As always, Magnani shows a gusto no lesser actress would dare. Franciosa is the boy raised as Quinn's foster son.

ADULT

The Gift of Love

20TH;
 CINEMASCOPE, DE LUXE COLOR

✓✓✓ The refreshing, pleasingly brusque personality of Lauren Bacall gives needed edge to a gentle picture of unusual family relationships. Lauren's the loving but childless spouse of Robert Stack, who has the unrewarding role of a "genius" at once absent-minded and literal-minded. When she finds she may die soon, she protects her husband from the truth and looks for affection to replace hers in his life. An engaging orphan (Evelyn Rudie) is Lauren's choice, but the girl's over-active imagination alienates Bob. (Strange reaction for a physicist-astronomer!)

FAMILY

Witness for the Prosecution U.A.

✓✓✓✓ Gather 'round for a guessing and outguessing game, run by such smooth pros as Marlene Dietrich, Charles Laughton and Tyrone Power. All the pomp of British justice moves in on Ty when he's accused of murdering a rich old widow. As a top-flight criminal lawyer, Laughton insists on ignoring his own heart ailment to take on the unpromising defense case. Marlene, as Ty's refugee wife, might be expected to lend help. But does she? Laughton richly enjoys his part.

FAMILY

Flood Tide

U-I, CINEMASCOPE

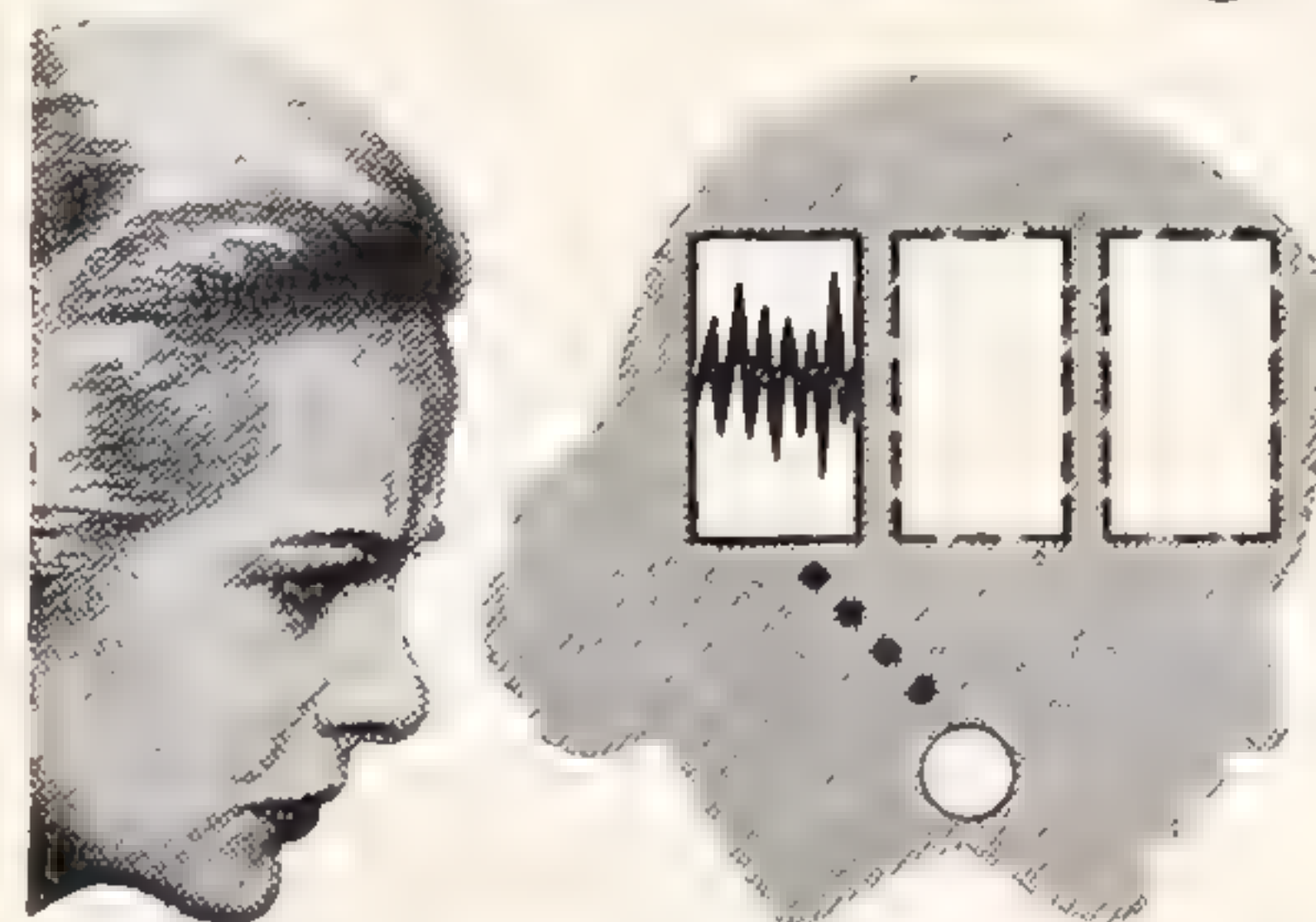
✓✓✓ Likewise centered on a man-woman-child triangle, with warring allegiances, this unassuming suspense film is neatly worked out and presented with conviction. George Nader returns to his beachfront home when he hears that the testimony of a neighbor's little boy has sent a man to jail. Earlier, an unhappy romance linked George with the household next door: a beautiful widow, Cornell Borchers, and her crippled son, excellently portrayed by Michel Ray. Suspecting that the boy's possessive jealousy may now have damaged another life, George tries strategy.

FAMILY

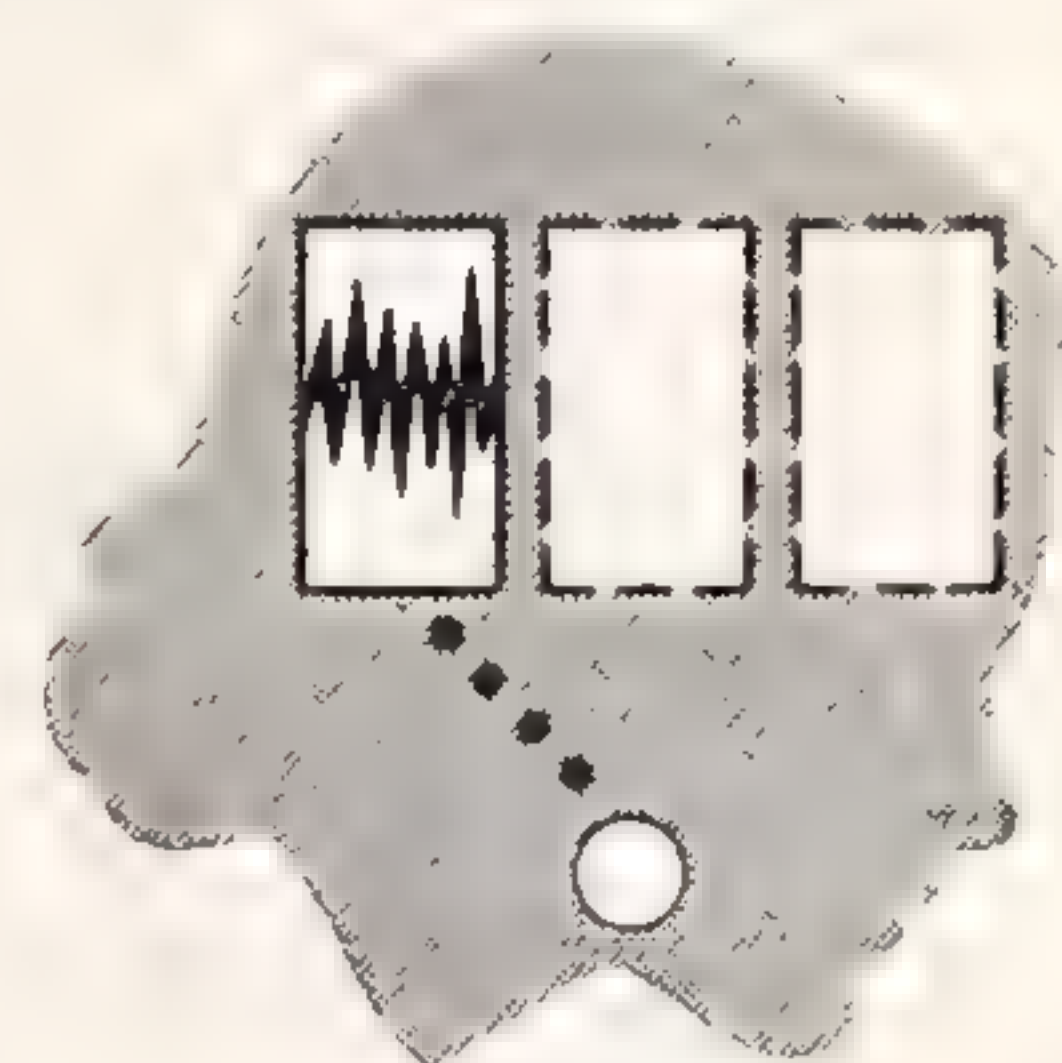
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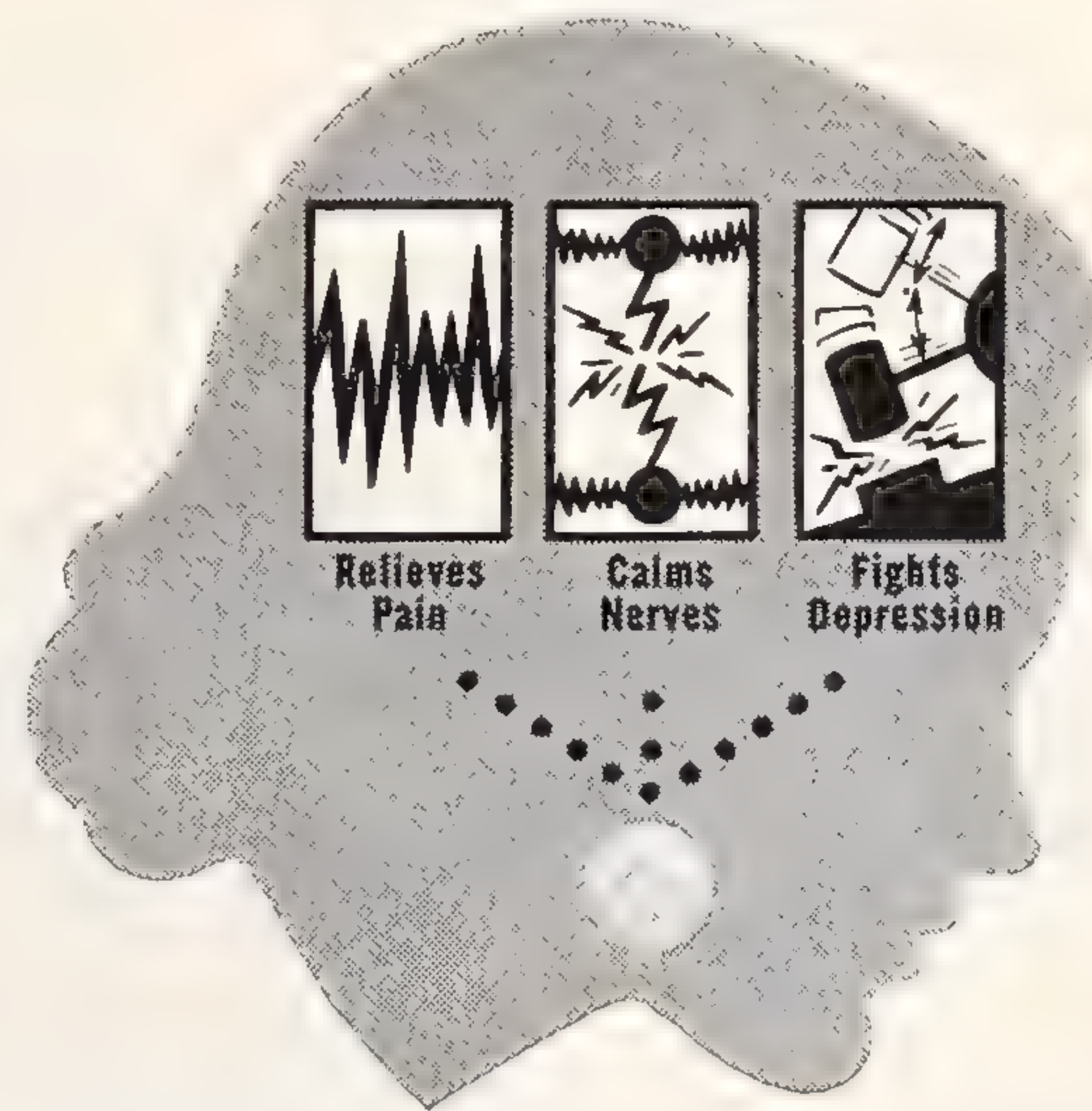
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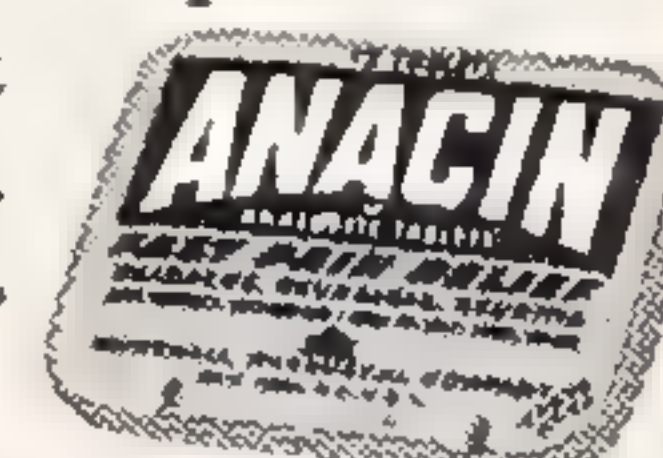


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**3 out of 4 doctors recommend
 the ingredients of ANACIN**

The Awakening KINGSLEY-INTERNATIONAL

✓✓✓✓ Casting Anna Magnani as a nun seems a daring move, but this Italian film (titles in English) shows the star at her best, combining fire and reverence. After long service as a missionary in Africa, she hopes to stay in her beloved Rome. Instead, she is sent to a crumbling island convent that is to be closed. The determined sister slowly becomes absorbed, on her own initiative, in the task of restoring the convent, enlisting the help of local children. But her maternal instinct is aroused by one neglected small boy (Piero Boccia), and, forgetting the standards of her calling, she makes a favorite of him. The boy's unhappy family situation and Anna's spiritual struggles are presented with deep feeling. ADULT

The Deep Six WARNERS, WARNERCOLOR

✓✓ Stirring sea action is the core of this typical Alan Ladd vehicle, set mostly on a destroyer in World War II. Battle-hungry exec Keenan Wynn is sure that Alan's Quaker upbringing will make him battle-shy—but no Ladd fan will be in suspense. Ashore, Alan's courtship of Dianne Foster meets wartime hazards. Efficient character jobs are turned in by William Bendix, as Ladd's pal, and James Whitmore, as the captain. FAMILY

The Admirable Crichton COLUMBIA, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓ Starting in England of half a century ago, when stately homes were amply staffed by servants who knew their places,

this affable desert-island comedy is paced by the admirable Kenneth More. He's the perfect butler, a dedicated snob. When bumbling Cecil Parker's yacht is wrecked, it's More—the natural leader—who takes charge and saves the helpless aristocrats. He becomes king of the island, adored by the once-haughty Sally Ann Howes and by ex-serving girl Diane Cilento. It's a charming idyl, satirizing a bygone society. Bermuda provided island scenes. FAMILY

Bonjour Tristesse COLUMBIA; BLACK AND WHITE, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓ A tiny present-day society that is idling its way toward oblivion is attractively represented here by David Niven and Jean Seberg. They play father and daughter, a useless pair shuttling between Paris and the Riviera. An irresponsible teenager, Jean can make friends with such a frivolous fancy of her father's as Mylene Demongeot. But when Niven's affair with mature Deborah Kerr threatens to bring matrimony and order to the household, Jean goes into vicious action. David is first-rate; Jean looks convincing but still sounds the amateur; Deborah tussles with an inconsistent role. ADULT

Sing Boy Sing 20TH, CINEMASCOPE

✓✓✓ Tommy Sands does an ingratiating debut in a show-business vignette that vaguely recalls the Presley career, from gospel singer to rock 'n' roll craze. Better as actor than as singer, Tommy sympathetically portrays the naive kid whose ruthless manager (Edmond O'Brien) tries to cancel out the sternly religious influ-

ence of the boy's grandfather (John McIntire). Jerry Paris is a near-human publicity agent; Nick Adams, a near-idiot "friend"; Lili Gentle, Tommy's girl. FAMILY

The Girl Most Likely U-I, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓ In a bubbly, tune-trimmed romance, Jane Powell leads a very active daydream-life that finally gets her engaged to three men at once. Keith Andes is a millionaire; Tommy Noonan, a brash salesman; Cliff Robertson, an unassuming repairman. And Janie whimsically takes her choice. FAMILY

The Seven Hills of Rome M-G-M; TECHNIRAMA, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓ Mario Lanza fans may have their fill of music here, while travel fans get an eyeful with a tour of Rome by helicopter. After Mario's hot temper has wrecked his American career, his ego is trimmed down to size by a job hunt in Italy. With the help of gentle musician Renato Rascel and buxom waif Marisa Allasio, Mario achieves a new start as a night-club star. But Peggie Castle, as a flamboyant former girlfriend, proves a menace. FAMILY

Darby's Rangers WARNERS

✓✓ Founded on true exploits of an American raider group, this conventional service drama is given a lift by an able cast. As commanding officer James Garner and sergeant Jack Warden tend to the business of battle, young fighting men get involved with romance. The teams: Stuart Whitman, Joan Elan; Edward Byrnes, Etchika Choureau; Corey Allen, Andrea King. ADULT

All at Sea M-G-M

✓✓ Here's a mild British farce relying on Alec Guinness' skill and charm and an amusing plot idea. Descended from a long line of enthusiastic (if often inefficient) seamen, Alec finds his own nautical career blocked by an unhappy circumstance: incurable seasickness. Honorably discharged from the Royal Navy, he buys an oceanside amusement pier and tries to run it in true naval style. A graft-ridden town council opposes his project, but local teenagers help, and so, eventually, does an enterprising widow (Irene Browne). As a final stratagem, Alec registers his pier as a ship and converts it into a pleasure "craft" for would-be cruise passengers who are subject to seasickness. There's easygoing material for chuckles in life aboard a luxury liner that never rocks or rolls or leaves its moorings. FAMILY



The gay romance of a lady art director and a handsome artist is bound for marriage when war limits Dianne Foster and Alan Ladd to moments like this

ROSEMARY CLOONEY, star of "THE LUX SHOW,"
live from Hollywood every Thursday, in color, on NBC-TV



gentle, so gentle, so gentle to you . . .

softer and smoother your skin will be, too . . .

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Gentle *is* the word for Lux Soap . . . *naturally gentle*. And gently is the way the rich Cosmetic lather cleanses your skin, to leave it soft and smooth.

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Lux...the proven beauty care... used by more beautiful women all over the world than any other complexion soap. Lever Brothers unconditionally guarantees complete satisfaction with Lux Soap — or money back. Look for Lux Pastels —each in a matching wrapper.

9 out of 10 Hollywood Stars depend on Lux

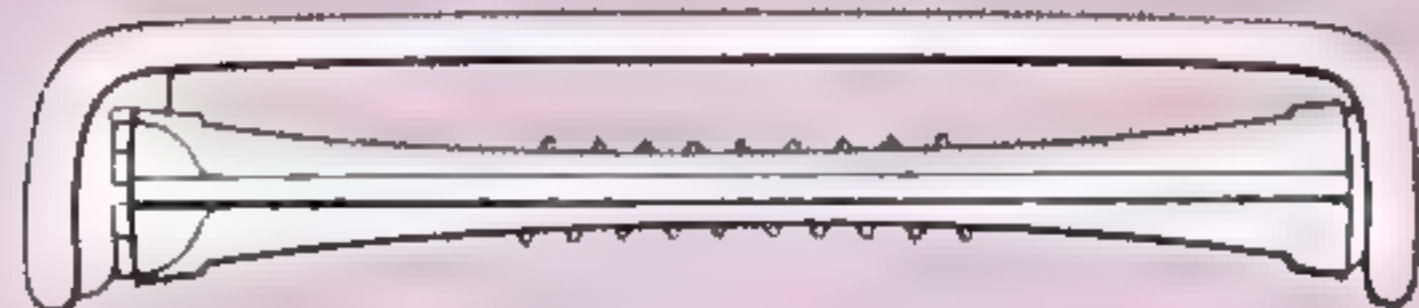
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"Top hair" needs this softer wave...and Lotion plus new Liquifix give longer lasting quality to these pin curls.

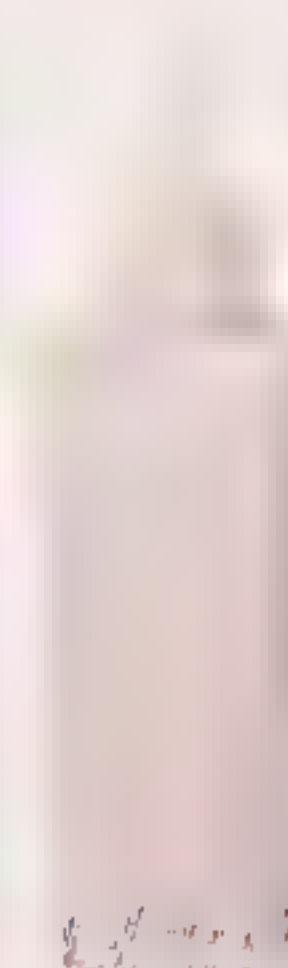


ROD CURLERS FOR SIDES, back, top front give added curl-strength to harder-working areas...now doubly reinforced by Lotion and new Liquifix.



Wonderful new soft waves that last and last!
A wonderful new method, wonderful new Liquifix
It's here! The first, the only all-over permanent with the ease and the lasting quality you've asked for...yet it's so unbelievably soft and natural. That's because new PIN-IT gives the right kind of waves for the different areas of your hair...then locks in your permanent with special lotion and new Liquifix neutralizer. Best of all, this new Twice-a-Year PIN-IT keeps your hair just the way you like it, from the first day to months later.

new twice-a-year



Pin-it
P & G

Apply Lotion and Liquifix with New Target-Point Squeeze Bottle



Valentine season is here! So what could be more appropriate than to pick the fellows who rate as everybody's Valentines—the Most Irresistible Men? It isn't easy. There are plenty of potent male personalities who are giving our Kings of Hearts hot competition for their crowns. But looking at the lineup carefully and objectively, there are eight men who currently score so high in the popularity sweepstakes that they are certain stand-outs: Elvis Presley, Rick Nelson, Rock Hudson, Pat Boone, Cary Grant, Perry Como, Jerry Lewis and Hugh O'Brian. At present, these are the Men With the Most, because they're racking up the highest ratings in movies, TV, records, or personal appearances (sometimes all four!). And the interesting thing about this is that each of them is completely different from the others! Which leads to the fascinating theory that these lucky fellows must represent the eight types of men women most admire. Carrying this (*Continued on page 89*)

*Rock 'n' Roll
Romeo—*

*Swivel hips, guitar and sideburned hair,
Presley's in a class beyond compare.
Flashy clothes, Cadillacs, voice so rare—
If you don't dig Elvis, you're a square*

KINGS OF HEARTS



Keen Teen—

*He likes hamburgers, hot rods, jam sessions, jeans,
He's a boy-next-door, all the nice things, that means,
Want to click with a chick? If you do, well son—
Just be modest and sincere as young Rick Nelson*

Strong and Silent—

*He's shy and gentle, easy-going and quiet—
But that six-foot-five frame could handle a riot.
Dependable and honest, never one to run amok,
Would that more men were as solid as Rock!*



BEAU BAIT

Got your eye on a guy? No matter which type he is, here are ten foolproof rules to make him your Valentine—and for keeps!

1. Don't try to prove you're smarter than he is. If you are, he'll find out soon enough—and respect you for not making a Big Thing of it.
2. Ask his opinion. About anything. Shows you respect him.
3. Encourage him. Every man has a secret ambition. Don't dim that dream!
4. Don't interrupt him. Nothing is so maddening to the male.
5. Never, never, never be sarcastic. It'll stop him, all right—from ever ringing your phone again.
6. Be charming. A large order? Not at all. Be enthusiastic, be kind, be proud of him—you'll be charming.
7. There must be things about him that you like. C'mon, don't be bashful—tell the fellow.
8. Never make him feel he's lacking as a heartthrob, even though you know he'll never rival Rock.
9. Bore him by talking about yourself and your troubles all the time and you'll soon be talking to yourself.
10. Be appreciative. Of what he does, what he says, most of all—of him.

Clean and Collegiate—

*In his white buckskin shoes and neat sport clothes,
He's studious and religious wherever he goes.
But fun, sports and singing are also his joy—
Pat Boone is a good, but never dull boy*





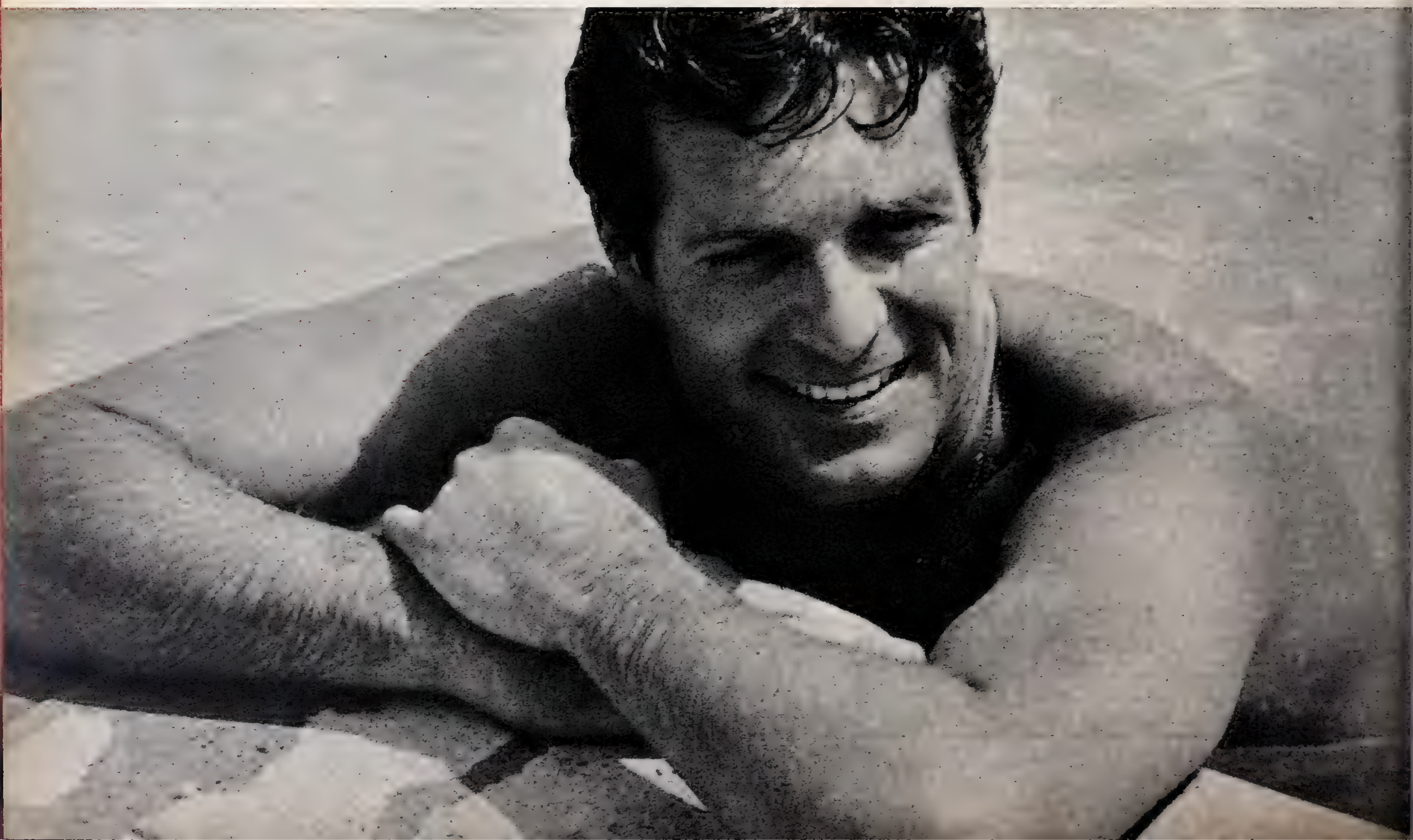
Sophisticated Smoothie—

*With polish, perfect manners and loads of charm,
Mr. Grant can anyone completely disarm.*

*Witty, wise on everything from hypnotism to history,
Cary's lasting appeal is surely no mystery*

Natural Nice Guy—

*TV shows, some golf, his family and home—oh,
That's all you care about if you're Mr. Como.
He's patient and kind, relaxed as an old shoe—
It's no wonder, Perry, that we all love you*





Zestful Zany —

*Hail to the jester who always makes us merry,
That singing, dancing, clowning Jerry.
But tireless work for others is the best part—
Behind the Lewis antics there's a big, big heart*

CALLING ALL GIRLS! *How well do you suit your suitor? To find out, check your type in one of the boxes below. Then see the answer on page 90.*

☐ You're alive with jive, like motor-cycle rides, Cokes, bright colors

☐ A menace at tennis, you go for sweaters, milk shakes, movie dates

☐ Candlelight, fireplaces, cozy homes and cooking are for you, shy violet

☐ You love babies, going to church, basketball, meeting a lot of people

☐ A dazzle dish, you dote on Paris gowns, the theater, smart parties

☐ You're a demon housekeeper, civic-minded suburbanite, a real pal

☐ You look delicate, but can take anything, and come up laughing

☐ Well-dressed and well-educated, you'd give up career for marriage

Rugged Ranger —

*Who can win the ladies without half tryin'?
Romantic outdoor man Hugh O'Brian.
He's friendly and loyal, likes to swim and ride—
And take heart, girls—he's seeking a bride*

who said the first year was the hardest?

Not Liz Taylor and Mike Todd, who look back on a wonderful, wacky first year of marriage—and have the last laugh on all the wise ones who made those dire predictions that it couldn't possibly last

Liz Taylor and Mike Todd now have the last laugh on the wise-guys who thought their marriage would be a bust.

Their first anniversary's here and Liz is blissfully happy . . . partly because she's become kind of a queen. Queen Elizabeth of the British Empire should have it so good as Mike's "Queen Liz."

Liz has four homes . . . a private plane . . . she goes on colorfully spectacular trips around the world—"next time we'll go someplace else"—and in Hong Kong Mike sees to it that she's greeted like some visiting nabob.

"You should see all the Chinese dresses with the slit skirts she bought in Hong Kong!" Mike said proudly when they returned suddenly from their round-the-world trip because she'd suffered an appendicitis attack.

Liz didn't deny it. She smiled, guiltily, lighting up the glamorous beauty that has delighted people all over the world.

"We started out with five bags . . . came home with twelve," she admitted. "I tried to buy up

Hong Kong—but I didn't quite make it!"

Gaily, she confessed, too, that she didn't have just a hotel suite in Hong Kong . . . but a whole big house . . . just for a couple of weeks. Also a yacht to cruise about in that beautiful harbor . . . the yacht appropriately bedecked at all times with flowers.

When she flew home to see surgeons in Hollywood—no operations abroad for Queen Liz!—she was soon resting in Palm Springs . . . and then flying in her private plane.

The plane of course was named "The Liz."

It's an eleven-passenger Lodestar and Mike says Liz made it over.

"She put a double bed in it," Mike maintains. "Only plane in existence with a double bed. We had a crew of three including the steward but Liz fired the steward."

"She's that rugged type who says she can pour her own champagne and carve her own pheasant. She's very domestic," Mike laughed. "Likes to rough it."

They were already (Continued on page 76)





HORRORS! THEY'RE BACK

Boris Karloff was presented several months ago on TV's "This Is Your Life" with two small metal bolts which brought glistening tears to his eyes and a soft smile to his lips. Mr. Karloff's emotional reaction to these two nondescript pieces of metal may have struck some viewers as bizarre but anyone hip knew right away it was an honor. They were the electrodes Mr. Karloff wore on his neck twenty-six years ago when he first essayed the role of the monster in "Frankenstein."

A lot of vampire blood has flowed since then, and now we're right back where we started. From all sides, the nation is being attacked by Les Ghouls. On television, *Frankenstein's* monster (yes, Boris) is spreading havoc anew through mid-Balkan villages, the original *Dracula* (Bela Lugosi), natty as ever in white tie and tails, is leaving tiny, telltale teeth marks in heroines' necks and jumping into his grave before the cock crows. Lon Chaney (Jr.) is going through his hair-raising (literally) transformation from upright citizen to wolf-man nightly on thousands of home screens. And—ugh!—on the big screens it's just as bad. Theaters all over the nation are being deluged with crab men, little green saucer men from outer space, stone men and teenage vampires and werewolves—to the delight, we might add, of all!

Horror movies, notoriously inexpensive in the making, are presently raking in huge profits and outgrossing all other types of films at the boxoffice. Television, climbing on the bandwagon, has bought up fifty-two old tales of terror from Universal-International, the Hollywood studio that became known, and with good reason, as the original "home of horror."

(Continued on page 78)

by MARGARET O'DONNELL



Helping to spread terror in the new "horror" film craze, Michael Landon (above) is about to devour a hapless victim in "I Was a Teenage Werewolf." (Below) Werewolf Landon back to normal with screen girl Yvonne Lime



it might as well be spring

It isn't spring yet—even in California. But when a boy and a girl go on a picnic, on a day when the air is like warm wine and the sun bright and clear, it might as well be. Tommy Sands is still bashful about asking a new girl for a date. But he got up his courage and asked lovely eighteen-year-old Dolores Hart, when he met her through mutual friend Elvis Presley, with whom Dolores worked in "Loving You." And now, walking through the stillness and the sunlight with Dolores, he feels a bit bewildered. At twenty, he's too young to go steady. He and Molly Bee had decided they both were. She's a swell pal. But gosh, Dolores is pretty, too . . . They find a spot carpeted with lush, new grass under a big tree, and spread a cloth big enough to sit on. They look at each other, and smile. For them, spring is right now. But don't despair—for the rest of us, those balmy days are coming—they're only a few more weeks away. (*Continued*)



At first they're shy, but Dolores breaks the ice. "I've got to have a picture of the new 20th Century-Fox star," she teases, posing Tommy for the nice shot above. "And that isn't all—now 'Sing! Boy, Sing!'" Tommy obliges with this title tune from his first movie



"Mmm—chicken. My favorite!" says Tommy. They devour every morsel. Smart Dolores brought a big thermos of milk—Tommy downs three or four glasses with a meal





Just for fun, they make handkerchief puppets, and put on an act, find out they both have secret yens to write! Subject Tommy aims to tackle: Philosophy

"How could you forget the butter?" kids Tommy—and gets conked with bread in reply. "I asked for that," he grins, "but it's a good thing it isn't salami!"

it might as well be spring

continued

"You can cook!" Tommy exclaims, as Dolores sets out crisp fried chicken. She laughs. "Why not?" He blushes. "Well, you've got that contract with Hal Wallis, and you're in 'Wild Is the Wind' and well—I didn't expect it." Dolores confessed she's really no expert, but with lessons from her mother, with whom she lives in Sherman Oaks, she's learning. Between bites, the two discovered they have a lot in common. Both got into movies via a lucky break. To Tommy, fame came in one hour, when he appeared on the TV show, "The Singin' Idol," on which his first movie, "Sing! Boy, Sing!" is based. "How'd you get started, Dolores?" Tommy asked. "At a Loyola University prom, believe it or not," she smiled. "I met a boy, Don Barbeau, who talked me into trying for movies. I did—and got a test. It was a scene for 'Loving You' and they gave me the part!" As shadows lengthen, they reluctantly get ready to leave beautiful Griffith Park. But the spring-like spell lingers on. And you know what that can do to a young man's fancy—any time!



by LOUIS POLLOCK

I'M GOING TO QUIT ACTING!

MICKEY ROONEY's success was never greater. He makes this odd statement because he wants to play the one role he has failed at all his life: Being himself

A small man with rumpled brown hair balding at the crown and a way of pumping out his words like a gusher, sat with his young wife one evening not too long ago at a table in the Hollywood Athletic Club. The gestures dotting his speech were strong and spasmodic.

Next to his table there was an empty one and the head-waiter indicated it for an arriving couple. The newcomers were dressed to the teeth, and the waiter immediately pegged them as visitors to movieland. They made a grand entrance, dictating boisterous instructions as to the location they preferred, and the waiter pointed out the choice table that was unoccupied. But the gentleman, determined to be unimpressed by the attentions, looked pointedly at the adjoining table where the small man with rumpled

brown hair sat and bellowed in a voice pitched to be overheard:

"Don't gimme *that* table! Look at that little guy over there, jabbing away with his arms. Have you ever seen a more perfect *nobody*?"

The small man straightened up, as if to make a comeback, and then relaxed, as though on second thought he'd decided to shrug the incident off. Considering what his reply could have been, he shrugged off a lot.

For that "little guy" with rumpled brown hair balding a little at the crown and the spasmodic way of pumping out his words like a gusher, had not only been an actor for thirty-three of his thirty-five years, he had been a first-rank star for twenty of them and a (*continued*)

I'M GOING TO QUIT ACTING!

top-ten boxoffice personality for six. During that time he had earned over fourteen million dollars.

His name was Mickey Rooney.

Mickey ignored the remark. Over the years, the brash kid of yesterday has become one of Hollywood's "quiet men." He well knows that failure, as impressive in later life as success in their early professional careers, is the story of most child stars.

His score in the game of personal happiness everyone must play is just about zero. He went through a lime-lighted youth in gold-plated confusion; his early adulthood was a flurry of unsuccessful marriages, and as a father, he can spend only an occasional few hours with his three sons (of two mothers), whom he loves. He knows this score, and he is not proud of it.

This is not the Mickey Rooney the public knows, of course. To them, he is talent—from his thinning pate to his restless feet. ("The lines (Continued on page 84)



At rehearsal for appearance on the Red Skelton show, Mickey's in his element. On the go every minute, he works hard, clowns a bit, loves to chat

In his dressing room, he talks about the future. He wants to concentrate more on producing and directing





Both cast and star Skelton appreciate opportunity to work with this "old pro"—Mickey's been an actor thirty-three of his thirty-five years! His stand-in and double, Sig Frohlich, has been with him twenty-two years! At right, in spite of comic get-up, there's a glimpse of the real Rooney—quiet, serious—dedicated to his art



I'm always in love

She's moved to Hollywood,

where beautiful women

greatly outnumber

the eligible men. She's

thirty—and still single.

But anybody who thinks

Gisele MacKenzie is pining

away from lack of

dates is in for a surprise

by HELEN WELLER

The tall, dark-haired girl and the tall, handsome man were walking hand in hand across a bridge spanning the River Seine. Striking in a new Paris outfit, the girl wore a mad cloche that set off her pert face.

They stopped briefly, and the man cupped the girl's face in his hands. "Gisele," he said, "you're wonderful. You're the smartest-looking girl in Paris today—but I can't stand that crazy hat! It's awful."

"You do? Well, all right then!" With that, she took off the hat and tossed it into the Seine.

"Romance is more important than a hat any day," she said blithely.

Watching the expensive new hat drift soggy away, the man reached a conclusion. "Darling, you're the most refreshing girl I've ever known!" He took her in his arms and kissed her.

That slightly mad, romantic, Gisele MacKenzie, has since become a sensational new hit in Hollywood, the star of her own TV show and a great bet for future films.

In short, she's the girl who has everything—except a husband. So what happened to that romantic creature? Has she stifled dreams of love to become a dedicated spinster-career woman, as many believe?

"Some people think that because I'm not married yet, at thirty, I have no use for romance," Gisele said frankly. "Well, I'm probably the most romantic girl who ever lived! I love men. I love to live it up. I also loved the crazy hat I'd just bought in Paris. It had set me back fifty dollars, and I thought it was a knockout. Just the same, when the man I was with said he didn't like it, hooey to the hat. But I wouldn't toss away my career that lightly for a man.

"I've had a lot of proposals. Many of them came from men who wanted me to give up my work, and my answer was always 'No,' not because I'm an ardent careerist, but because any man who failed to understand what my career means to me wouldn't really understand me. So how could we possibly be happy?

"My singing is part of me. Any man who doesn't love that part of me doesn't love *me*. I've been working since I was nineteen. That's eleven years, and any man who asks a woman to sacrifice the achievement of eleven years for love isn't worthy of that kind of sacrifice.

"Some day I want to get married and (Continued on page 88)



A HATFUL OF BOY

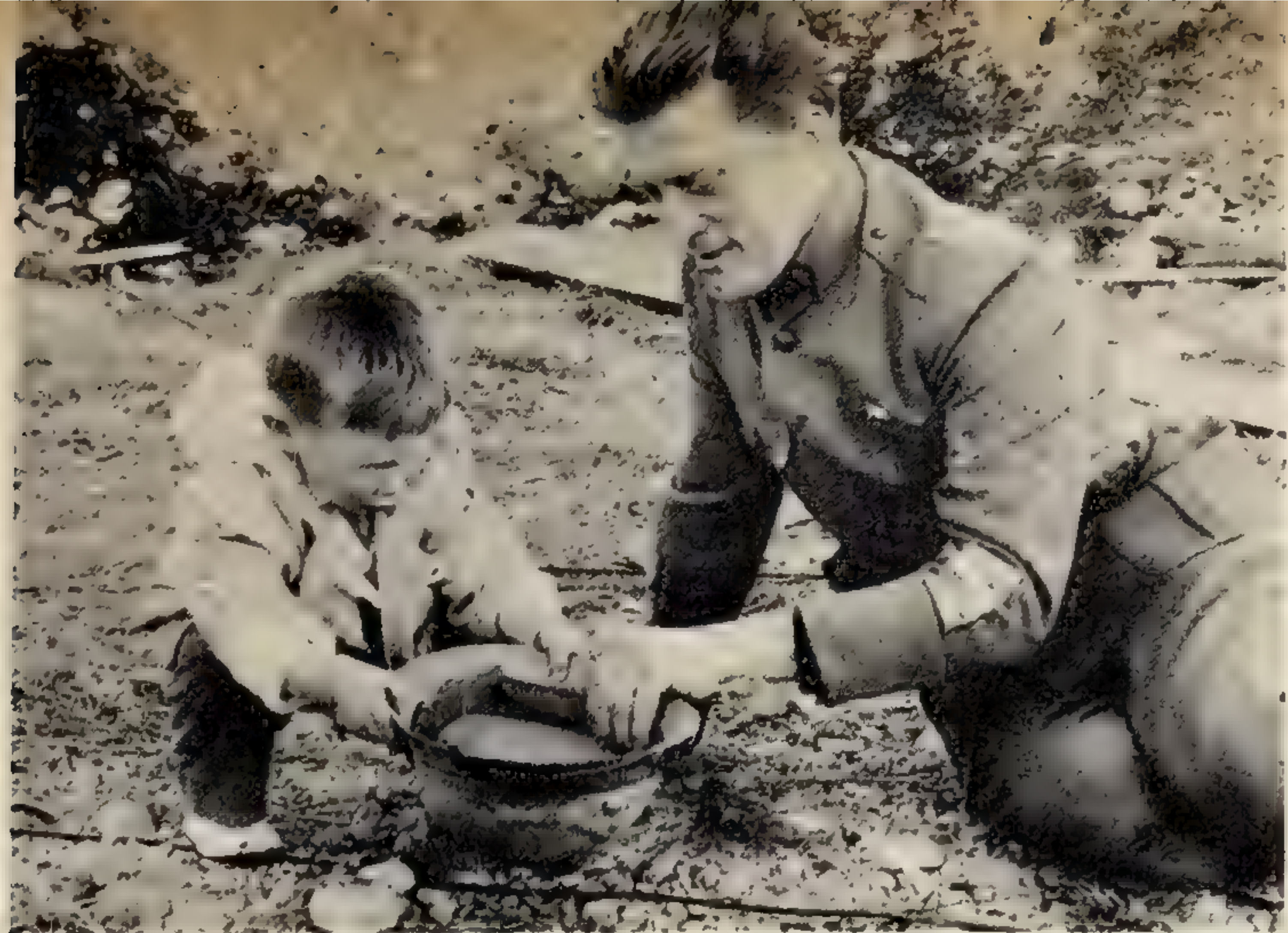
Kirk Douglas, like any other father, gets a kick out of showing his son, Peter, around where he works. Only for Kirk, his is not an office, but for his new film, "Paths of Glory," an outdoor location in Germany.

Abroad six months with his parents while his dad was film-making, young Peter got his first acquaintance with the movie business and even found himself (with family pull!) a small part in his father's other picture, "The Vikings."

Everywhere he went in Germany, this tow-head with two-year-old charm was the star of the show. On Saturdays when Kirk would get off from work early at 2:30, he and Peter would go watch the planes at Munich airport or visit the zoo, another of Peter's lively spots where he took to kissing young ladies of his own age and had girls over two kissing him. "But best of all," says his mother, "like any other little boy, Peter loved it when Kirk came home at night. 'Where's my son?' he'd boom and Peter would rush out the door, be hoisted onto a baggage cart by Kirk and pushed—zippety-zip—down the hotel hall.

"Quite the young man of the world by the time our stay was over," confided Ann, "Peter no longer tolerated pablum and such but eyed wiener schnitzel and sauerbraten with growing interest. It was fine, except we'd brought several hundred (unused) cans of baby food with us." Home now in California, mother Ann views her small cosmopolite with awe and says, "We have a very funny feeling he'll probably grow up speaking English with a German accent!"





It isn't every little boy who gets a chance to play soldiers—for real! Kirk's World War I French Army officer's uniform dazzled Peter on rare visit to set; but most wonderful of all was Daddy's steel hat. Grand for making mud pies in. Pretty good for banging on Daddy's head, too. Tremendous for hide-and-seek when you're not supposed to look. (Is there no end to its uses?) Kirk looked forward to time between shots but began to feel keeping up with energetic son off-screen was more frantic than fighting war on-screen.





Even more than the average girl, Natalie, isolated by fame and often misunderstood, needed to pour out her feelings in girl-talk sessions at home with a pal like Judi

by JUDI MEREDITH

Bob, did you know?

About the tizzy Natalie was in when she had her first date with you?

About the crazy, unpredictable things she does? About her intimate thoughts, her worries, her weaknesses? And why she's so in love with you? Read on, Mr. Wagner—her best friend tells all

As Natalie's best girl friend, I want you to know that I don't think she could get a nicer husband than you. And just in case you didn't know it, I wanted to tell you what a crazy, wonderful girl you've got, too! I know her family, her most intimate thoughts, her worries, her weaknesses, and her reasons for loving you so.

Bob, did you know how impulsively unpredictable Natalie is? How you never know what idea or surprise she's going to pop up with next? Like the day I pulled up in front of her new home about noon. She was to have her first date with you that night, though she'd met you and your folks before.

When I rang the bell, a Brooklyn-accented voice shrilled through the inter-com. Obviously Natalie's. "Whatever ye vont, kid, we ain't buyin' it . . ."

And, after a moment's hesitation, "Who is it?"

"Max," I said.

She always calls me Max because I call her Charlie. And I call her Charlie because I don't want to go around saying I'm Natalie Wood's closest girl friend. And I can't help referring to her because we are together so much.

"Max!" she cried out. "What'ya doin' outside?"

"Don't ask silly questions and let me in!"

"So, she's getting angry," Natalie teased gaily, and buzzed open the door.

I walked through the corridor into her bedroom. The bed was unmade. Clothes thrown over a chair. A script

unfolded on the floor. Mrs. Wood was just leaving with a tray of breakfast dishes. Natalie's sister, Lana, and a school chum were sitting cross-legged on the couch, listening to Natalie's recording of "Little Girl Blue." Natalie herself was still in bed—and on the phone.

In short—it was the usual picture.

"Sure I'd like to join you and your parents at Romanoff's tonight," she insisted. "But wait a minute. I have a better idea. You all come over to our house for supper—no, I'm sure it'll be all right with Mom. *Really.*"

I didn't have to ask who was on the other end of the line. It could only have been you—Robert Wagner.

Natalie noticed me, waved a friendly hello, and went back to her phone conversation with you, which lasted another half-hour. I could see why the studio insisted she install a second phone. You were already keeping one line busy.

Even now that you two are married, I'm wondering if Nat can ever get along with one phone again.

I was sure from the beginning she was in love with you. What makes me so sure?

In the two years I've known Natalie, she's been in love half a dozen times! But with you it was different. I knew that evening she got ready for her second date with you.

Usually Natalie picks out a dress on the spur of a moment, often the first one on the rack.

This time she took half an hour (*Continued on page 80*)

maverick



"I fought against being an actor until I was twenty-five," confesses Jim, who admits friends talked him into it

He was a traveler with no place to go, a lonely man whose heart belonged to no one. Now, at last, James Garner has found what he never knew he was seeking—love

Soldier of fortune . . . practical dreamer . . . tender tornado . . . rugged realist. A drifter fascinated by those far-away places with strange sounding names. A roamer with a restless heart and straying feet. Humorist . . . sentimentalist . . . a simple philosopher gambling with the fates. Unloved . . . unwanted . . . destination unknown. A Maverick.

At long last the vagabond has roots. When day is done, slow-talking, slow-moving, fast-thinking James Garner

goes home. As TV's tumbleweed star of "Maverick" (the result of playing Marlon Brando's buddy in "Sayonara"), Jim's finally found immunity from wanderlust and for this tall (6' 3") handsome gentleman from Oklahoma, the rewards are rich and deserving.

"I fought against being an actor until I was twenty-five," says the thirty-year-old adventurer, "and I still don't know why. Back in Norman, Oklahoma, I was kind of a rebel in school where (Continued on page 72)

by JERRY ASHER



But gun-toting for "Maverick" isn't something new for him—he's veteran of plenty of combat action in Korea

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true love

Tommy Reynolds, whose monthly column "On the Record" will appear in Photoplay, is producer of Mutual's "Bandstand, U.S.A.," the only live two-hour jazz festival series in major network radio or TV. A former bandleader, he digs the latest—for you



ON THE RECORD

let's talk about Rock 'n' Roll

Think there never was anything like rock 'n' roll? You're wrong. We've always had rock 'n' roll, only, years ago, it was called "rhythm and blues." Jazz authority Dom Cerulli, over a snack after his appearance on "Bandstand, U.S.A.," said to me, "Why all the fuss about something which simply gives kids what they want—an outlet for teenage energy?" Dom's viewpoint coincides with mine, so the remainder of the conversation was on the unfortunate

exaggerations which brand rock 'n' roll as creating juvenile delinquents. Hogwash! Did Sinatra do that? The reaction of most people in music was summed up when Benny Goodman declared that though it holds insufficient musical satisfaction for him, rock 'n' roll is the only music presently available in adequate proportions to all the youngsters who love to dance. Actually, the basic rock 'n' roll beat is a springboard to the eventual (Continued on page 83)



Talk about "mood" music! The latest fad is albums to suit any mood, state, condition, circumstances, or what have you. For instance—there's "Music for Baby Sitters" (Columbia), "Music to Suffer By" (Unique), featuring hilarious Leona Anderson, and "Music to Break a Lease" (ABC-Paramount)—this one is The End! They run the gamut. Walk into a music shop, and you can get a record "prescription" for just about anything. Mad, mad, mad—but fun •

"Pipe Dreams" By: Hughie Prince & Tommy Reynolds.
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good reading

Encyclopedia of Jazz
by Leonard Feather

HORIZON PRESS

Written by a noted jazz critic, it is undoubtedly the finest, most complete book on this field of music. Very educational.

The Jazz Makers
by Nat Shapiro and
Nat Hencoff

RINEHART

A "must" for jazz buffs. "Handbook of Jazz" by Barry Ulanov is another must for those who want to be well-informed.

Jam Session
by Ralph J. Gleason

PUTNAM

A delightful anthology of fine jazz writing by critics, writers and performers. Well-rounded and lively.

music meccas, U.S.A.



Jazz is sweeping the country these days—literally! Jazz clubs—night spots where one can go to hear the best "live" music—are a strong trend in recent years, and they're springing up like mushrooms from coast to coast. A typical spot is New York's famous Metropole. But look around—you'll probably find a club right in your own neighborhood, too.

good listening

In choosing records a jazz enthusiast often doesn't know where to start—or stop. As for stopping—I doubt if anyone ever does. My own collection—everything from jazz to classics—numbers around 3,000! But for the beginner, bewildered by so many fine records, I think this breakdown of types of jazz might be helpful in choos-

ing a good basic cross-section: There's Dixie, rhythm and blues (this includes rock 'n' roll), swing (as exemplified by traditional big bands such as Count Basie's, Benny Goodman's, Duke Ellington's and Les Brown's) and the modern progressive variety (as exemplified by Dave Brubeck, Dizzy Gillespie and others). Happy hunting!



JIMMIE
RODGERS

It couldn't happen, but it did! Jimmie Rodgers, who sang before he could walk, snowballed his own discovery, "Honeycomb," into the biggest thing on discs. A very lively, happy folk song, "Honeycomb" was first noticed by Jimmie when he was in the Army. He memorized the words from a record, sang it in a small club in Nashville, where he was stationed, and soon everyone in town was asking for it. Out of the Army, with his guitar tucked under one arm and "Honeycomb" under the other, Jimmie headed for New York, where both were chalked up as sensations with the release of the record by Roulette. With his latest platter, "Kisses Sweeter Than Wine" promising to be just as big, and a lovely new bride, his high school sweetheart, Colleen, to share his happiness, it's no wonder he says, "I'm so lucky!"

by JANE MORRIS

she's got a secret

*Without it, Dinah Shore reveals, her success would never be possible.
With it, she has everything that any woman's heart could ever desire*



New dream house, planned by George (who also takes a hand in the building), will have a rehearsal hall for Dinah, so that she can spend less time traveling, more with daughter Missy, son Jody. Careers will never conflict with the Montgomery marriage

One warm summer day some years ago, a brown-eyed, brown-haired girl showed up at the offices of Chappell Music Publishers, New York, with a note of introduction to Ticker Freeman. Ticker was a song plugger. He sat at his piano sizing her up as she crossed the room. Lots of bounce, plenty of personality, no style. A kolo, he figured; wants some music. In the jargon of Tin Pan Alley "kolo" means a non-pro, a nothing.

Today the lady means a lot . . . to NBC, where her Chevy show merits top ratings . . . to the Waldorf in New York, the Riviera and Flamingo at Las Vegas, where she tries out her TV shows and packs them in . . . to RCA Victor, where they rejoice as her platters spin into the millions. But she means most as an American institution, the only girl singer who's managed to stay on top through the years. Her name, of course: Dinah Shore.

What's kept Dinah on top? She's not a beautiful woman. She has a good voice, but not the greatest. And yet she gives the illusion of beauty and of great voice. Every glance, every note radiates a warmth no other girl singer can match. What's her secret?

To begin with, Dinah has a basic intelligence and a sense of values. She wasn't just another kid with a crazy dream. She was a girl from a good family, a girl who'd just completed her studies at Vanderbilt University. She knew what was most im- (Continued on page 92)



TONY

and an old pocket watch

Twelve months ago, we met a quiet, shy, soft-spoken young actor named Anthony Perkins. "He's going to be a big star," we told you after seeing him in "Friendly Persuasion," "and 1957 is going to be Tony's big year." You wrote and agreed with us, and so we decided to bring you, month by month, an account of how Tony Perkins the actor became a star.

You became acquainted with Tony, as we became better acquainted with him. You saw him, via Photoplay's pages, on location in Siam, Paris, Rome, Hollywood, New York. And you've seen him as others do—his mother, his friends, his acquaintances.

Best of all, during these past months, we've all seen Tony grow as an actor and personality. He worked under a staggering schedule, made six movies in one year ("Fear Strikes Out," "The Lonely Man," "The Tin Star,"

"Desire Under the Elms," "The Matchmaker" and "This Bitter Earth."), squeezed in television appearances, cut a best-selling album and finally closed the year in a smash Broadway hit, "Look Homeward, Angel," to rave reviews and critics' kudos. ("Tony Perkins is one of the most valued and versatile properties in show business.") It was quite a year, we agree!

And what does Tony think? And who, and what, is this Tony Perkins? Of what is he made? Has success changed him?

This story, by Sylvia Ashton, our last in a twelve-month succession of features on Tony, perhaps will give you the answers.—*The Editor*

He can be a great and good friend, or he can embarrass everybody at a party by suddenly and without provocation or warning, balancing a chair on (Continued on page 74)

Hollywood fortunes firmly established, Tony tackled task of moving his vast collection of cherished "stuff" from Chateau Marmont to his own apartment; after much debate acquired Thunderbird







WHY SHIRLEY CAME BACK

Her surprising reasons for coming out of retirement reveal that the little Golden Girl of yesterday has really grown up

Now that you are doing a television show," a producer asked Shirley Temple recently, "how about making a movie for me? I have a story that's just right for you."

"Sure," replied Shirley, "provided I could do it in one day and get right back to my home in Atherton."

You couldn't blame the producer for trying. As he—and many others who have been dangling tempting Temple offers—see it: If Shirley isn't really interested in resuming a full-time career, why has she come back at all? It's a good question—one not easily answered by the simple explanation that the TV show was appealing enough to lure her out of happy retirement as Mrs. Charles Black. It was—but that is only a small part of the story. (*continued*)

These fans rate a special preview performance of fairytale narration for Shirley's NBC-TV show—

her son, Charles, Jr., hubby Charles, Sr., Linda, daughter of her marriage to John Agar, and her youngest, three-year-old Lori, who most nearly resembles Shirley as a child in looks, and has a flair for performing





Small Shirley's pose on Paramount set was a gag—actually she learned easily, says, "I still remember the routines"

First song, appropriately, was "Baby, Take a Bow" from "Stand Up and Cheer." She pulled Fox studio out of red

"Heidi" is one of four Temple films that enchanted audiences anew, won high TV ratings when shown on NTA network



WHY SHIRLEY CAME BACK

continued

Shirley's reluctance to make a movie doesn't so much reflect a dislike for Hollywood as far as she is concerned as it does a realization that real happiness for her started when she became a private individual. And real happiness is what she is interested in, not fame-coated pseudo-happiness.

The best one-line description of Shirley Temple's career in Hollywood is credited to a girl who was another popular child star—Margaret O'Brien. "Shirley never overstayed her childhood in the movies," Margaret said. She said it enviously. Margaret quite frankly admits that she never wanted to grow up. Shirley Temple is happy that she has.

This is why she is never going to come back to Hollywood full-time. In fact, it is why she held a family council, with her three youngsters as well as her husband taking part, before she agreed to do her weekly television show over NBC-TV. "Shirley Temple's Story Book."

Over this meeting, interestingly enough, presided her youngest, three-and-a-half-year-old Lori, who looks most like Shirley, seems to have inherited her song-and-dance talents, and prattles about "being a movie star." Everyone in the family gets a chance to preside at the family councils which are held regularly. It just happened to be Lori's turn.

The subject at this session was, "Does Mommy go to Hollywood and stay there to act in a lot of television shows?" The decision was, "No, Mommy goes there once a week to talk in the shows (the word narrate was a little beyond Lori and Charles, Jr., but they got the idea). She can only act herself in a couple of them." Lori was all for Mommy acting—until it was pointed out to her that this would mean there would be no Mommy at home all week long. She promptly reversed her vote.

"Yes, Lori is crazy about acting," Shirley says, "but she is crazy about it just like any little girl her age might be and not because she is my daughter. But because she is my daughter she is not going to lose the *whole* life she is living now, the love and the joy and fun of being part of a warm family group, for the one-sided life of being a celebrity. Not until she is old enough to know what she is doing, anyway . . ." (Continued on page 86)

**THE LOOK
FOR SPRING**

**7 pages of beauty
and fashion**

BEAUTY FOR BEGINNERS

Carol Lynley's first movie, "The Light in the Forest," hasn't even appeared yet. You'll have to wait until summer to see her win the hero, James MacArthur, in Walt Disney's Technicolor adventure film. Yet she's already been discovered by a host of fans who don't even know her name. Top teen model for the past two years, Carol's picture on hundreds of advertisements, billboards and magazine covers showed teens a fresh, new kind of look they quickly recognized as their very own. It's a look that's more (*continued*)

BEAUTY FOR BEGINNERS



by HARRIET SEGMAN

continued

glowing than glamorous, more straightforward than sophisticated. It is soft, radiant, appealing, but it *looks* more unstudied than it really is.

"It takes me an hour to put on make-up so it looks like I'm not wearing any," Carol admits. Sixteen this February—"finally"—Carol started her modeling career "at ten-and-a-half." Early experience taught her what most girls don't learn until too late: "Mature make-up, for a teen," she says, "does but nothing!"

Carol's artwork begins with a medium shade of cream make-up foundation—medicated, because skin bumps can be a problem. She removes excess with a dry rubber sponge, adds no powder, to retain dewy finish. To give her lips a slightly fuller outline, Carol draws on lipstick with a brush. She likes the creamy, long-lasting kind in a delicate pink shade, applies lots, then removes at once with tissue. "For color, only, no thickness or sheen," she explains.

Carol's fair lashes and eyebrows need make-up to be seen—but no fancy shaping or exotic pencil lines. She tweezes only stray hairs across the bridge of her nose and a few stragglers at outer tips to taper brows. Light brown eyebrow pencil goes on hairs, not skin, is then blended with a small brush. A wisp of brown mascara, uppers only, makes a soft fringe of pale lashes.

Pat MacNally, studio make-up man, made a special point of retaining Carol's fresh, off-screen look. "So she wouldn't appear too white next to Jim MacArthur's suntan, we used a light tan overall base," he says, "then just a hint of eye shadow, eyebrow pencil and lipstick. Because it is a period picture, we left Carol's long hair un-cut, picked up a few strands on each side and (*continued*)

Ex-ice-cream-addict Carol has learned to stop between-meal hunger pangs with fruit—and likes it. Especially apples!



Carol finds gelatin strengthens her nails. She files them in medium-length rounded ovals, keeps them pink and pretty with weekly manicures

"Don't be a cut-up while you're trimming your hair," Carol warns. A scar near one eyebrow reminds her of the time the scissors slipped





"I brush first," says Carol, "then sweep hair to the top of my head . . .



". . . fasten it securely with a rubber band wound around several times . . .



". . . then spread hair over rubber band to make a wide base for roll.



"Fine hairpins, the kind that don't show, hold my back hair in place.



"I squirt generously with hair spray, then twist pony tail like a rope . . .



". . . wind, with ends in center, pin, and add a booster shot of spray."

BEAUTY FOR BEGINNERS

continued



braided them to fasten neatly across the back of her head.

When not on set, Carol cares for her shoulder-length blonde hair herself, wears it brushed out softly around her face, swept back in a pony tail or twisted on top of her head in the French roll photographed above. "I call it my glorified washerwoman hairdo," she says, "but that's not where I got it. I copied it from a cold cream ad." A girl who can roll her own, Carol shows how, at left and below. Handy with a scissors, (Continued on page 71)

by SUE KREISMAN

2 patterns with 9 lives

Simple-to-sew Spring wardrobe for beginners. Photoplay's fashion editor helps Venetia Stevenson expand her wardrobe by Mix-and-Match Method

Venetia Stevenson, chosen most photogenic girl of the year and by Hollywood males their most popular date, is not only busy as a cover girl and expert horseback rider ("I won \$300 in one show"), but finds time "before, after and between working" to sew her own clothes. Well on her way to being a big success in Hollywood (Venetia's finished her first Warners' movie, "Darby's Rangers," and her next is "Island of Lost Women"), she is "not yet up in the high salary bracket. I earned more modeling than I do now!" she says. "Most young actresses aren't making lots of money. So we have to be clever about our wardrobes. I started sewing when I was thirteen but I still have trouble thinking through a *complete* wardrobe that will suit all my needs for every occasion," she told Photoplay the afternoon I went to her home to discuss Venetia's fashion "philosophy" and plan her Spring wardrobe. Even expert sewers need a few good fashion tips to guide them in planning their new Spring wardrobes.

"The first thing," I advised, "is to choose a *few* patterns that are *simple* to sew and that can be stretched."

"Stretched?" she asked, looking puzzled. I started thumbing through the Simplicity Pattern Book to find a good example of what I meant, and one that we could use. Finally, we chose one (Simplicity Pattern 2407, 50¢ with three views: a sheath, a full-skirted dress, both sleeveless, (continued)



"I love sewing. Some of my friends have started making their clothes, they liked mine so!"

2 patterns with 9 lives

continued

and a long-sleeved reversible jacket. The other pattern we both liked (Simplicity Pattern 2388, 50¢) is a straight skirt and middy top (or we could have used the other view, a pleated skirt and belted middy top, if we wanted something even more informal).

"The next step is selecting fabrics," I explained, "and that'll be easy this season." There's such a wonderful selection—gay printed silks with pretty floral designs, cotton knits and non-crushable linens, ranging from muted melon shades to deep pinks and vivid reds and oranges. "The trick for us, though," I suggested to Venetia, "is to choose *colors* and fabrics for one pattern that will blend well or match the items in the other pattern." In other words, co-ordination is the key to expanding your wardrobe.

"So," she laughed, "*that's* how we'll 'stretch' patterns!" And here—see for yourself—are Venetia's results:



BUSINESS BEAUTY

"For the sheath I chose a strawberry sherbet color. I can dress it up or down with jewelry, belts and scarves. Black is good, too, for a basic dress, but I prefer light shades for Spring"

MORNING MAGIC

"This white sail-cloth middy with its gray-and-white striped cotton knit dickey is fresh, cool for mornings at the studio or shopping. Can be worn over shorts or a bathing suit, also"

VENETIA'S SHOES BY CAPEZIO. HER SEWING MACHINE IS A MORSE INTERNATIONAL.

AFTERNOON APPEAL

"Flowered side of the jacket perks and picks up sherbet color of my sheath. Pink, orange, plum and white, it can be worn over my gray skirt, also as full-skirted dress (right)"



EVENING ELEGANCE

"This silk party dress has a very wide skirt, is wonderfully feminine. For cooler Spring evenings I wear the jacket on either side, and it still has a dressy feeling. The plum-colored side is a little less formal than the matching flowers"

*There
are
so many
good
reasons
why...*



more women choose Simplicity than any other pattern!

● Does this young lady look familiar? She's Anne Francis, taking time out from making movies to enjoy the California sun.

"Being an actress, I need lots of glamorous clothes," says Anne. "That's why I like Simplicity Printed Patterns. They have so many styles to choose from . . . and they always look right!"

Anne's Sailor Suit—Simplicity Printed Pattern #2391.
Evening Dress—Simplicity Printed Pattern #2404.
One Piece Dress and Jacket—Simplicity Printed Pattern #2368.

Don't miss Anne in her newest picture, M-G-M's hilarious comedy release "Don't Go Near the Water," in which she co-stars with Glenn Ford.





Photoplay's **GOLD MEDAL AWARDS** *of 1957-58*

This is the night: Sunday, February 9th, 1958. This is the moment: the presentation of Photoplay's annual Gold Medal awards. In the Crystal Room of the Beverly Hills Hotel, festivities bring together the winning stars and their friends. In living rooms across the country, the public witnesses the announcement of the awards on "The Steve Allen Show" (NBC-TV, 8:00 p.m. EST). And the awards become a bright link between moviegoers and the people who make movies. Here is the special meaning of the occasion: *You* have chosen the winners. Stars appreciate the plaudits of their fellow artists and the compliments of critics, expressed in other yearly roundups. But all the efforts of the entertainment world have one aim that outranks any other: the approval of the public. And Photoplay's awards are based on *your* votes, in ballots that gave you full and free choice among the players and pictures of 1957.

Leading the list of your selections, Deborah Kerr, Rock Hudson and "An Affair to Remember" show the importance that lies in a great breadth of appeal and in the combination of professional skill and warmly emotional qualities. But the most remarkable aspect of this year's Photoplay Awards is the unprecedented strength of the new personalities you have singled out. In the ten, there is not one synthetic celebrity created by publicity alone. The talent you salute for achievements of 1957 insures fine movie fare in 1958.

DEBORAH KERR steps into the select category of Gold Medal winners as Photoplay's readers name her the most popular actress of 1957. In 20th's "An Affair to Remember," she blended gracious charm with dramatic power and wit, as in the same studio's "Heaven Knows, Mr. Allison"

ROCK HUDSON, Gold Medal star of last year, claims his second shining trophy for portrayals that showed steadily building talent: U-I's "Written on the Wind" and "Battle Hymn," M-G-M's "Something of Value." All three performances were big factors in the films' imposing success

continued



*you
chose
them*

10 outstanding new personalities of 1957



ANTHONY FRANCIOSA, drama hit: "A Hatful of Rain," 20th; "This Could Be the Night," M-G-M; "A Face in the Crowd," Warners; "Wild Is the Wind," Paramount



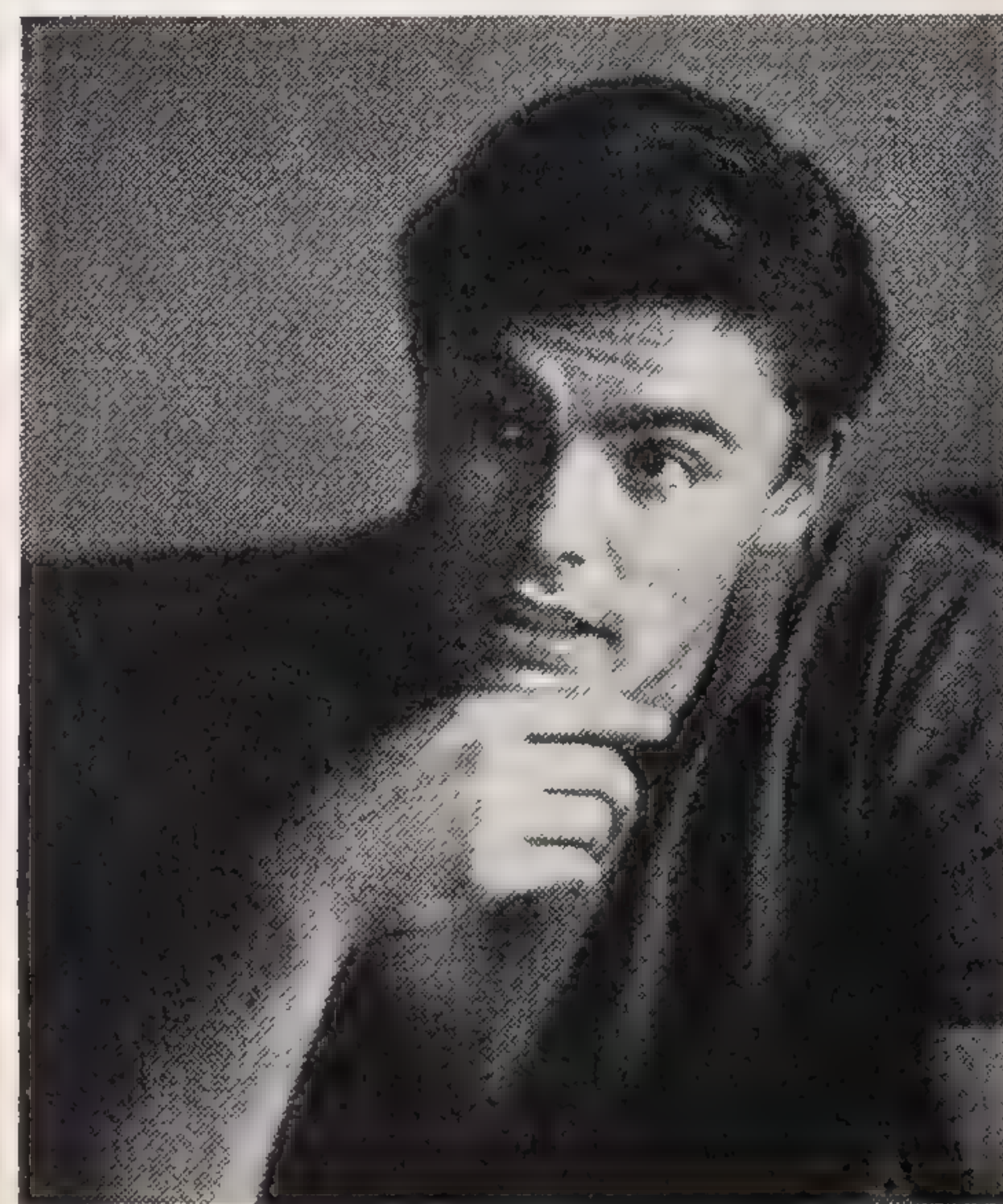
JOANNE WOODWARD, drama hit: "The Three Faces of Eve" (in effect, three exacting roles in one picture) and "No Down Payment," both 20th



TAINA ELG, for versatility: unusually striking dance scenes and enticing comedy sequences in "Les Girls," M-G-M



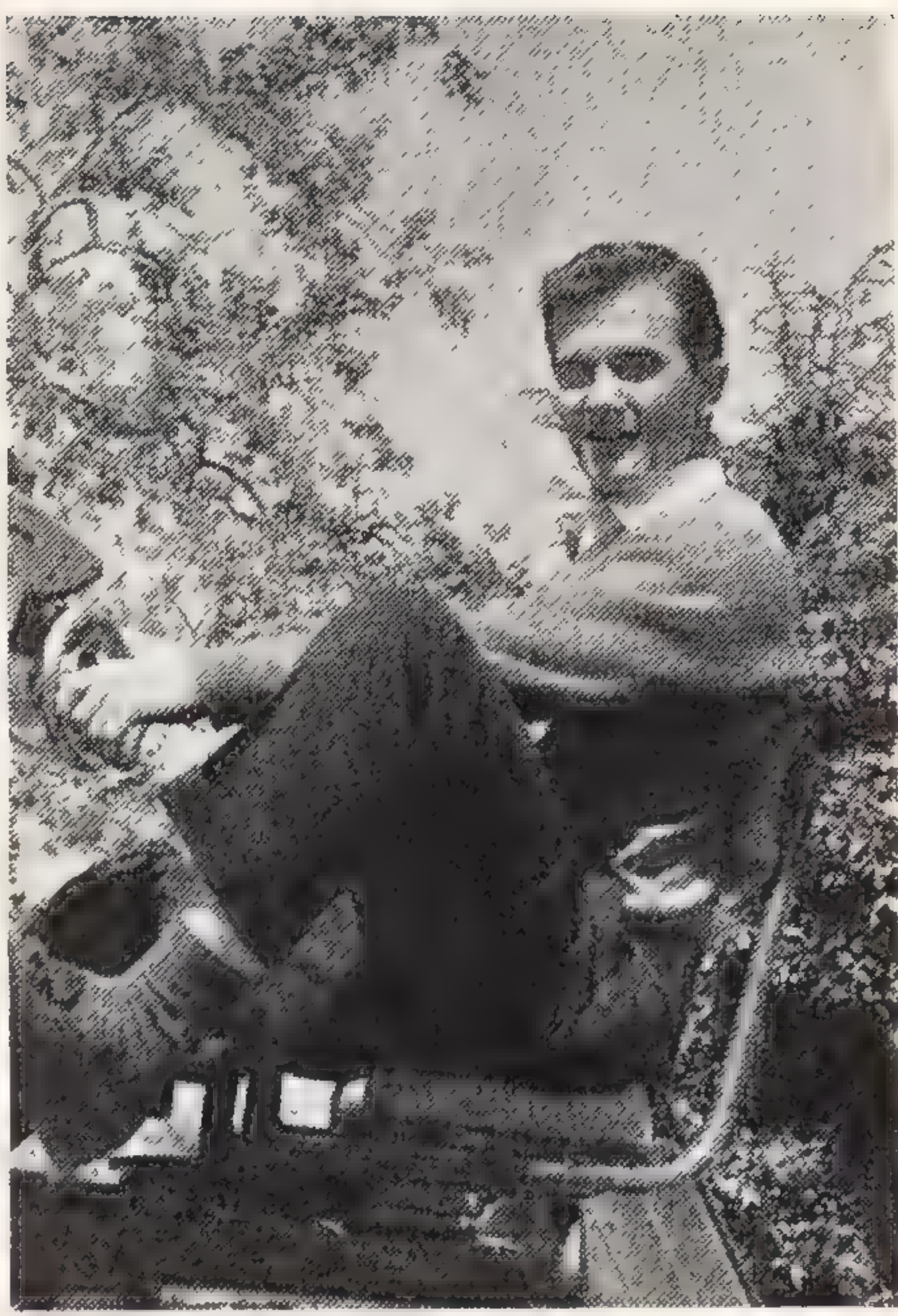
TONY RANDALL, for versatility: "Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?," "No Down Payment," 20th



JOHN SAXON, popular appeal: youthful enthusiasm, sincerity in "Rock, Pretty Baby," U-I



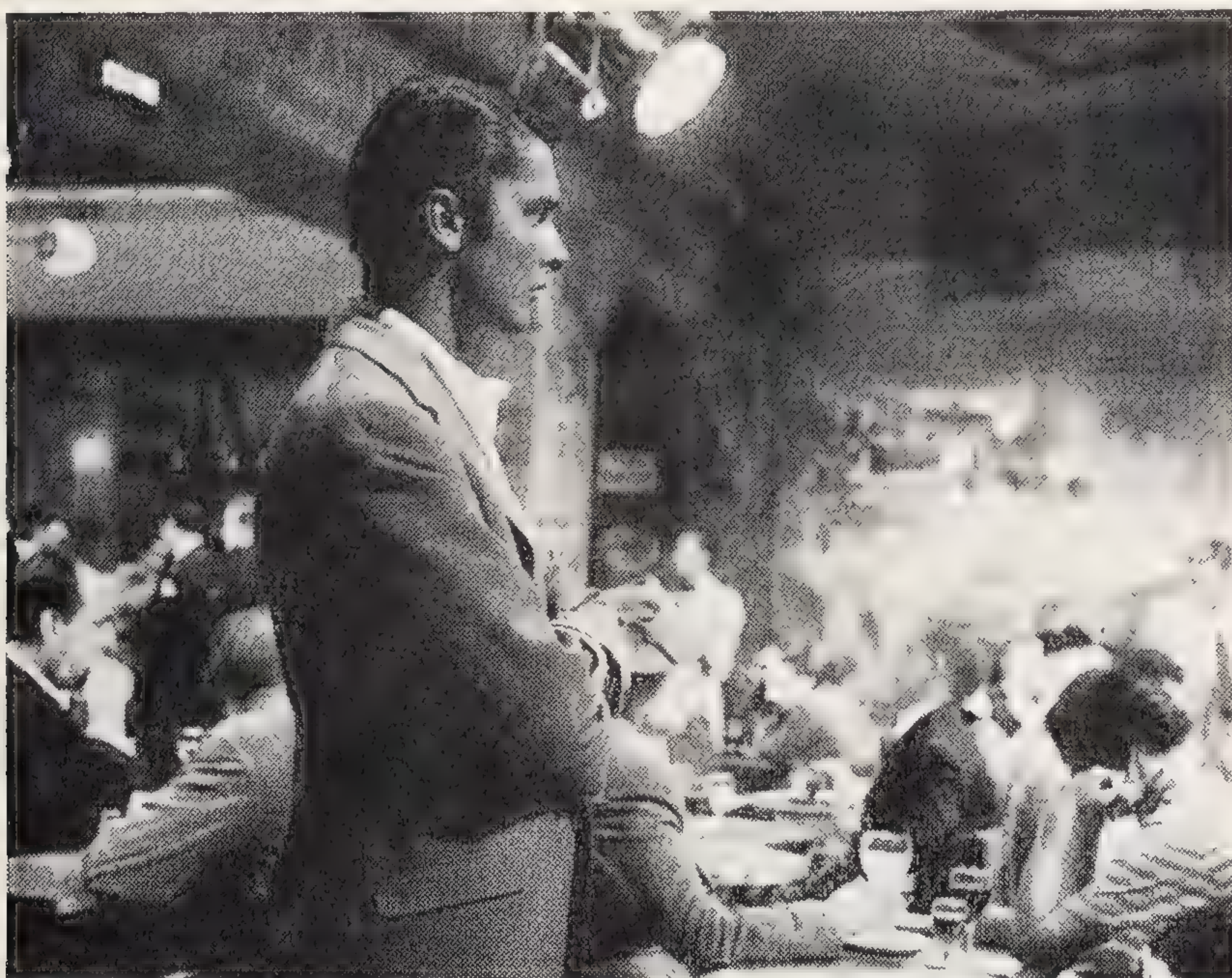
JULIE LONDON, music: "The Girl Can't Help It," 20th; "The Great Man," U-I; "Drango," U.A.



PAT BOONE, for music: "Bernardine," 20th; topping that with "April Love," popular 20th tuner



DOLORES HART, for impact: instant success in debut movie, "Loving You," Paramount



ROBERT EVANS, for impact: acclaimed for first film, "Man of a Thousand Faces," U-I; then "The Sun Also Rises," 20th



KATHRYN GRANT, popular appeal: "Operation Mad Ball," "The Brothers Rico," Columbia; "Mister Cory," U-I

MOST POPULAR FILM

"An Affair to Remember" takes the Gold Medal for 1957. Conferring here on the set, director Leo McCarey, stars Cary Grant and Deborah Kerr, producer Jerry Wald made this 20th Century-Fox picture an entertainment triumph highly enjoyed by moviegoers. Photoplay readers hailed it for its marriage of sentiment and sophistication, scenic beauty, laughs and tears





Zsa Zsa Gabor confides to friend Radie that she has been seeing ex-husband George Sanders again

Exclusively Yours

BY RADIE HARRIS

Horne of Plenty: Remember when "Exclusively Yours" gave the first motion picture magazine publicity to two "promising" newcomers named Tony Franciosa and Robert Evans? Well, now I want to tell you about another young actor who is on his way up, up, up. His name is Geoffrey Horne. He, too, is a product of Actors Studio and got his first film break playing a small part in "End As a Man" with Ben Gazzara. On the strength of it, producer Sam Spiegel put him under personal contract and gave him a chance in one of the great pictures of the year, "Bridge on the River Kwai." In his third picture, "Bonjour Tristesse," he plays the love interest to Jean Seberg. But I think I should warn you, gals, that offscreen he plays his love scenes with actress Nancy Berg. They will probably marry any day now.

Page from Susie's "Diary": When Susan Strasberg returned to Broadway in "Time Remembered" (which also brought Richard Burton back to the New York stage), her father, Lee Strasberg, head of Actors Studio, sent her the following wire: "Susie, darling, for you 'Time Remembered' is in the future, not in the past." It is this sage advice that is now helping to comfort Susie in her disappointment about not playing in the screen version of "Diary of Anne Frank," for which she won such glowing notices that, at seventeen, she became the youngest star to see her name in lights on Broadway. And it has not been made easier for her when she is constantly besieged backstage by other young hopefuls, now testing for the role, who want

George Stevens (the producer-director of the film) didn't care for my performance. If he had, I'd be playing the role!"

Cute Couple: What a charming pair were Sal Mineo and his little sister, Sarina, whom he escorted to a big premiere! All dolled up in her first formal finery, Sarina stole the show from older beauties. And she was so thrilled by it all.

Time Remembered: Lunching with Greg Peck and his charming wife, Veronique, at the Colony during their recent visit East, Veronique, scanning the French menu, ordered a very high-falutin' sounding main course. When it arrived, Greg looked at the expensive



Lucky little sister Sarina goes to big formal pic premiere with Sal Mineo

dish and exclaimed, "Why, that's just a plain New England boiled dinner like my Aunt Myrtle used to make!" That's one of Greg's most endearing qualities—never drawing a curtain on his past. He loves to reminisce about the days when he was a guide at Radio City Music Hall, and when his first dinner jacket was a rented one for a modeling job.

Minx in Mink: Zsa Zsa Gabor, in mink from head to toe, stopped traffic in the lobby of the Hotel Plaza as we walked through after a shopping tour on Fifth Avenue. As we passed the huge portrait of her ex-husband, Conrad Hilton, who owns this hotel, one of the large Hilton chain, Zsa Zsa was in too much of a hurry to linger for even a passing glance. She was on her way to meet her latest ex—George Sanders. "Darlink, you know George is still madly in love with me," Zsa Zsa "confided." "He is staying at this hotel, too. He always likes to live in my 'home'—when I'm there!" Wotta gal!

Mother Knows Best: "I'm determined not to be a stage mother," said Joan Crawford in her most emphatic voice, at a gabfest in her magnificent new triplex apartment facing Central Park. She was referring to her eighteen-year-old daughter, Christina, who is studying to be an actress at the Neighborhood Playhouse. "I would have preferred that Tina had finished her college education at Carnegie Tech first," Joan confessed, "but if this is what she wants, she's old enough to make up her own mind and I won't interfere. Actually, I think it's a wonderful experience for her to branch out on her own and carve a career for herself, independent of me."

Continued from page 62



Sensible diet and daily exercise keep Carol's waist a trim 22 inches. She loves her new passive exerciser

as well as comb and brush, Carol trims her hair every two weeks, feathering edges slightly with quick little up-and-down strokes. Because her hair tends to be oily, she shampoos often. "Every day when I'm being fussy; otherwise, every other day." A natural ash blonde, Carol says her hair photographs "muddy" in winter, platinum-streaked in summer. For an even, sunny tone, her mother applies a mild bleach, just enough to lighten her natural color one or two shades.

Already a notable success as an actress, Carol is appearing on Broadway in "Blue Denim," directed by Joshua Logan; was also featured in last year's hit, "The Potting Shed." You may have seen her in "Junior Miss" and in the Alfred Hitchcock show on TV. "It's been an exciting year," admits Carol. Unaffected, honest and unspoiled by the sudden shower of stardust, she lives in a midtown Manhattan apartment with her mother and younger brother, still attends the New York School for Professional Children.

Carol has learned by experience that to look well she has to eat a nourishing, well-balanced diet. "It's not easy," she says, "because of my odd-ball tastes. I used to go on food binges. Last winter I ate nothing but chocolate ice cream, blew up, broke out and found that you can be fat as a horse and still be suffering from malnutrition!"

Five feet five and a half inches tall, Carol keeps her weight at 105 pounds for modeling, 110 for movies. "It can go up to 125 if I'm not careful," she says. "On me, every pound shows. I look as heavy at 110 as most girls my height at 120." She exercises daily to help her lose inches when necessary, to stay that way when she's just right.

Like most models she makes it a firm rule to sleep ten hours each night, get plenty of fresh air and sunshine and never to be careless about back stage helpers like toothpaste, deodorant and razor. It's not for nothing that the Carol Lynley look seems to be based on good health and cleanliness. It is.

THE END

TRUE ROMANCE Magazine

AT NEWSSTANDS NOW

Publishes the Winning Lyrics in the "MY TRUE ROMANCE" SONG CONTEST



Johnny Green

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and Soul," "I Cover the Waterfront" and "I'm Yours."

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New Haven, Conn.

Miss Willie Garrett,
Montgomery, Ala.

Miss Corinne Nawells,
Glendale, Cal.

Be the first to see the lyrics of the song that may be destined to sweep the country as America's No. 1 song hit.



get TRUE ROMANCE

AT YOUR NEWSSTAND NOW

MAVERICK

Continued from page 49

everyone was always telling me—you have a good mind and a good body, so do something with them. They kept reminding me of my height and looks, so naturally at sixteen you go the other way. Just being young you take opposite sides, I guess!

"It's true that I enjoyed good movies and went to see performances. But I was never a movie-struck fan and the personal life of a star was of no concern or interest. One time an aunt of mine even dug up a talent scout because she wanted me to be an actor. Nothing happened, and when you're an introverted kid (and I was until I became an actor!) you fight shy of being made conspicuous. This may be hard to believe, but I feel I've never made a wrong step in my life. I mean, not a serious wrong step.

"For example, when I was fourteen a wealthy Texan wanted to adopt me and give me everything for a great future. It was a tempting offer, but even at that age I knew it was the right step *not* to take advantage of this wonderful opportunity. The way my life has worked out proves it. You see, despite the good things that are now happening, I've never felt there was a magic formula, or a great talent that singled me out for special privileges. I just think through luck and circumstances, I got around to doing what I'm best equipped to do. And that's all.

"Taking things the way they are is something you learn along the way. Right now I'm learning, among other things, when you change your way of life you must change too. So I'm learning to talk a lot about myself. It was embarrassing at first, but it's part of this job and I've discovered that putting thoughts into words is a good way of getting them out of your system. You're expected to analyze yourself, but how many people can actually be objective about themselves? I just think I'm a combination of many things, I love to dream—but I don't always believe in my dreams. I still love to do it—so why spoil the fun!"

By the time he hit Hollywood permanently, big Jim Garner had been halfway around the world doing odd jobs. His ubiquitous relationships with people, places and things created a veneer for the footloose fellow, but a pin scratching the surface would have revealed a meditative, mellowed longing to stow away his gear and roam no more. Jim's piercing dark eyes grow serious in retrospect.

"For twenty-eight years I had never known what I was looking for and having roamed all I wanted to roam, I felt a yearning for roots. I think I was ripe for marriage. I must have been ripe and ready, because I had seen a lot and done a lot and there was little left. It was awful to be alone, to go home alone and start the day alone, knowing that no one cared that I was alone. I was unhappy before marriage, so meeting Lois was the turning point that has made me into the happy man I am today. Despite my need, with no money and even less security it was a big decision to make. Believe me, I was so relieved when I decided to marry and once again I was right!"

The day towering James Garner met petite Lois Clarke at friend Jess Kimmel's house, there were a lot of kids around the pool. It was in 1956 and Jim had been in picture business (obscurely) for two years. Ex-actress Lois (working as a secretary-receptionist) had lived in Hollywood all her life. She's the down-to-earth type and any actor, including one Jim

Garner, couldn't have impressed her less. Before the afternoon sun set behind the Hollywood hills, Lois experienced a pleasantly disturbing change of heart.

"I'm nuts about kids," Jim enthuses, "so I climbed into a pair of shorts and we played games in the pool. I was showing off intentionally, but only for the kids who swarmed over me like migrating locusts. You've never seen a prettier picture than Lois and later in the afternoon we started talking. She told me she couldn't believe I was an actor and I admitted I was a little shocked myself and expected the bubble to burst any moment! We were ready to be married a month after we met. But I believe in long engagements, he grinned. "So we waited a month and a half!"

To Lois, Jim was much more than a handsome hunk who had singled her out for his flattering attentions. He was a normal, realistic fellow who lacked conceit. But above everything else he loved children and that made a deep impression. Lois had an eight-year-old daughter named Kimberly, convalescing (she's completely recovered) from a severe case of polio. The second Jim set eyes on the little girl, his heart went out to her with all the fervor of his impassioned being.

"She's such a little doll," he tells you tenderly, "and I couldn't be more proud of her if she were my very own. My one regret about working so steadily is the lack of time to spend with my family. We manage to get to Disneyland and the



Jim Garner and his wife, Lois, are thrilled at having their first baby

zoo on rare occasions. Kimberly was afraid of horses after a bad experience, but I kept taking her out to director Bud Boetticher's ranch (he's a great friend and my best booster) and she's beginning to ride like a little veteran."

Proving the miracle of love, when people see them together they're astounded how much Kimberly resembles Jim. In one instance there were reverberations that set the Garners off into a laughing bit of hysterics.

"We were in no position to buy a house of our own," Jim muses, "so we decided the next best thing was to furnish an apartment with things we could use later. With this plan in mind I applied for a lease on an apartment we liked and in talking to the manager, I explained we were three and had just been married a year. Then I showed up with Lois and eight-year-old Kim! You should have seen the manager's face when he stared

at Lois and then back at me. It didn't require a mind reader to know what he was thinking. Exercising the good neighbor policy, I explained the situation!"

James Garner was born to Weldon and Mildred Baumgarner (20th Century-Fox "changed my name after I made a test that stunk and they let my option drop!") in Norman, Oklahoma on April 7th, 1928. He has two brothers, one a baseball player and the other a school teacher. Their mother died when Jim was only five and he continued in Norman grade and high schools, excelling in athletics. At the age of sixteen Jim's education was interrupted when he joined the Merchant Marine. Following his stretch as an able-bodied seaman, he joined his father who had become a carpet-laying contractor in Los Angeles.

Jim continued his studies at Hollywood High and betwixt and between, "name the job and I had a hand in it." His permanent plans, if any, were interrupted by the Korean war. He was a legal resident of Oklahoma and became the first draftee from his state. As an infantryman he served fourteen months in Korea with the Fifth Regimental Combat Team of the 24th Division. Today he holds the Purple Heart for wounds suffered in action and in his fatalistic fashion, he laughs about the experience.

"I was being chased back eight miles behind the lines when I got hit by a piece of shrapnel. I won't go into a detailed description of my wound, so let's just say—I couldn't sit down, and spent the rest of my time in service sorting mail!"

Despite Jim's levity, it wasn't a laughing matter then, or now. He was actually one of thirty-six from a group of 125 who survived near the town of Chipori! Following his discharge in 1952, the restless fellow faced the perplexing problem of where to go and what to do. For the first time in his tempestuous life he felt the urge to set his sights and charter his course. He had one alternative, his father's standing offer to start tacking down carpets again. The prospect was rather disheartening and it was Jim's father who set him straight about possibilities for the future when he went west.

"We had a long talk and my dad suggested that I take serious stock of myself and try to seek out something interesting I might have talent for. I followed his advice and took mental inventory."

Jim tried his level best to avoid the issue, but his thoughts kept returning to the same summary. What did he have to cash in on except the height and good looks endless people had pointed out, "belonged in pictures." One particular pointer was producer Paul Gregory, who was a young soda jerk in the drug store opposite the service station that once employed Jim. When he dropped by for a sandwich, Paul always kidded him about his handsome looks and subtly (?) suggested, "Why don't you become an actor?"

"I finally decided there might be something to this acting business," Jim recalls, "but I couldn't kid myself into believing I knew anything about it. During my travels I had learned a lot about people and I feel they are a hobby. To me it seemed in acting you must understand people and I had lived in all kinds of society. So now I figured it was just a matter of applying it. The next step was how. And where!"

Fate in the form of a casual walk down La Cienega Boulevard intervened. Jim saw the name of Paul Gregory on a building and having nothing to lose, he went in and renewed his friendship. As a result of this one chance in a million, Gregory, who was staging "The Caine Mutiny Court Martial," gave him a job. He played one of the six judges who sit throughout the trial

without a single line of dialogue. Jim sat through several hundred performances and gave it everything he had. Eventually he got his break when one of the supporting players left the cast. He died a thousand deaths before director Charles Laughton and producer Paul Gregory convinced him that their faith in his acting potential was genuine.

"When the road company tour ended," says Jim nostalgically, "I returned to Hollywood and knew what I wanted to do. My association with John Hodiak and Lloyd Nolan in that play will always remain a precious memory. On my first night in New York, they took this greenhorn under their wings and showed me the town. We went to the Stork Club, that place with the striped seats (El Morocco!) and they even got me a date with a beautiful model. What great guys to know and what a sad loss, now that Hody is gone."

It was the late John Hodiak, who began at the bottom himself, who gave Jim Garner an insight to his craft that has never ceased to serve him.

"Always remember," he said, "that ninety-nine percent of the people like you. So go out on the stage believing this. Avoid 'acting' and just react instead. All you have to do is be yourself and because they like you out there, that's all they want."

Between bit parts and dreams, Jim shot the breeze around Schwab's Drug Store and adjoining Googie's, along with other Hollywood prospectors. Today he works from eight to eight making one "Maverick" a week, but despite his good fortune he wishes he still had time for those bull sessions. When small roles at Warners' eventually led to an impressive test, Jim was signed. After his first as-

signment, the test pilot who crashed in Bill Holden's "Toward The Unknown," that thoughtful star sent him a message to hang on. He had it made!

Grateful and encouraged, Jim played several other small parts before he landed the coveted role in "Sayonara." In the midst of doing this he made a test for a series and heard no more about it. In the meantime Marlon Brando (unknown to Jim) had notified Red Hershon, his loyal friend and enthusiastic agent. Brando's words were prophetic and Red did indeed "have a star on his hands." It happened quicker than you can say "Darby's Rangers!" Charlton Heston walked out on that picture (due to money problems) and on eight hours notice Jim was elevated from supporting player—to star! He was at home two days after he finished "Darby's Rangers" when the phone rang. Lois answered it.

"It's the studio," she announced. "They're starting some kind of new TV series and you're in it. They want to talk to you." When he hung up and came back into the room, she asked what it was all about.

"It's a new western series," he was vague and rather remiss. "It's called 'Maverick,' I think. They said something about putting it on the air Sunday night opposite Ed Sullivan and Steve Allen. Such competition sounds rough, doesn't it?"

Lois smiled and with typical nonchalance, she answered, "Well honey, I guess you can't win all the time."

The way Jim is winning, according to ratings, he's threatening Allen and staggering Sullivan. As rough and ready *Bret Maverick* (aided and abetted by fine actor Jack Kelly playing *Bart Maverick*), his popularity is phenomenal. Some weeks Jim receives 5,000 fan letters and normal

is 3,500. All this, and Jim has only been on the air since September 22, 1957. It couldn't happen to a more deserving fellow.

"I'm amazed and of course, very happy," Jim says, shaking his head in wonderment, "but telling the truth has always been an obsession with me and I must say this. If my career suddenly went down the drain, I wouldn't be upset. I'll confess I'd be very sorry and miss the security of money. (He's already had two raises without asking!) This is hard to believe, I know, but it's all part of my realism."

But Jim's fatalistic attitude toward the future doesn't mean he's casual when it comes to the job. A real pro, he gets as sore at himself for ruining a scene (and it does happen sometimes) as *Bret Maverick* would at a low cayhoot who robbed a bank.

The little finger of his right hand is crooked—a silent witness to the times he's bashed his fist in anger against a prop when he's blown a line or fumbled a piece of business. He looks at his pinky a little sadly and says, "Every time my finger heals, I lose my temper and break it again. It seems it's always either broken or in the process of mending."

At this writing Jim and Lois are awaiting their first visit from the stork, all of which makes their picture of happiness pretty complete. Like all expectant fathers, our fugitive from the four winds insists he just wants a healthy baby and whether it's a boy or a girl, he couldn't care less.

Then the one-time non-conformist can't resist laughing a bit at his own conventionality, or giving it a little out-of-the-ordinary, *Maverick* twist.

"That's why," he adds with a merry twinkle in his eyes, "we bought everything in—blue!"

THE END

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Wishing won't help your skin, Cuticura will!

TONY AND AN OLD POCKET WATCH

Continued from page 54

his chin. He can delight a girl with a last-minute invitation to dinner—or a walk. He can dutifully and willingly volunteer to tend and care for a new lawn in a friend's garden when the friend is away. He can bolt into—and out of—a room full of people with hardly a greeting or goodbye.

Where does the actor Perkins begin, the real Perkins end? Or, for that matter, at what point do they merge, if they ever do?

If Tony is something at all, he is very much of himself. He looks troubled trying to appraise himself. He says: "I don't satisfy my own standards. I don't like my nervousness. I'm awkward and clumsy. I don't think I have any physical grace. I wish I did."

There is always the air of rushing when Tony enters a place. Under his arm might be a dog-eared copy of "A Tale of Two Cities." Clutched in his hand is an old-fashioned gold pocket watch. Tony produces it no matter where he goes.

If he isn't carrying it, he fishes it out of his pocket, caresses its face with long, sensitive fingers and places it gently before him.

"What is the significance of this measure of time, this archaically-styled symbol of life that is fleeting?" I once asked him.

"I hate to be late," Tony explains. "The watch reminds me of the next appointment on my schedule." He pauses and studies his listener for the effect of the speech. Then goes on: "Time is so important I hate to lose a minute of it by being late for anything."

It is a glib explanation, I thought, on hearing it. Must be more to it than that. . . .

Lunching with Tony early last year when he was still a relative newcomer, we arranged to meet at the studio commissary. When I got there, Tony was already waiting. He sat on the steps, hunched up, arms hugging knees, dark eyes fixed intently at some point between his sneakered feet. Lying there was the watch. He looked up as I approached and the studied expression of his face was quickly transformed by a quick, all-expressive smile. He rose, but not before he had slipped the timepiece into his pocket.

He shook hands with me in a manner reminiscent of a courtier age. The age, let us say, of the gold pocket watch. His conduct was in odd variance with his clothing. He wore blue jeans, a dress shirt, a hastily-knotted black knitted tie and the aforementioned sneakers. Despite the haphazard assortment of clothing, Tony presented a gentlemanly air, a decorum completely out of character with his conduct later. . . .

Ceremoniously, but without affectation, Tony placed his watch beside his luncheon plate. He was making "Desire Under the Elms" at this time and Sophia Loren, his co-star, sat at a nearby table. She, too, was being interviewed for a magazine article. As we talked, Tony's restless eyes darted to her party, again and again. He touched the watch nervously, adjusted his tie, ate his meal with fierce concentration.

His attention again wandered to Sophia. He fidgeted. He became a small boy. A crafty, mischievous expression appeared in his eyes. He broke off in the middle of a sentence and called loudly: "Sophia, now that you've got a hi-fi in your dressing-room, I'll bring a lot of records tomorrow. We'll play them between takes."

Conversation at both tables ceased. Sophia smiled over at Tony, just a shade indulgently, I thought.

"Wonderful!" she replied. "And we'll eat chocolates. I have a fresh box."

Tony grinned happily. He waved to her and turned his attention to our table again. A sudden self-consciousness took hold of him. He appeared aware of the small-boyishness of his conduct. He said, "She loves jazz. So do I."

But it was impossible to remove the awkward moment inspired by his adolescent behavior, emphasized by Miss Loren's indulgent promise of chocolates, as to a precocious child who is also somewhat of a nuisance.

One evening recently, a year after our first meeting, I invited Tony over to my home for the evening. I had followed his career for a year with great interest, and was anxious to learn what effect this exciting year had had on Tony. Had he changed? I wondered.

He had worked in Siam, in Rome, in Paris, from December to April. Magical places which to any other actor and most young men would have meant the very zenith of great experience. Not so with Tony Perkins. "I didn't enjoy being abroad," he confessed, settling himself

comfortably and hauling out his gold watch. Placing it carefully on the coffee table before us, he continued:

"I worked so hard I didn't get a chance to see much of anything. No—it wasn't that, exactly. I guess it's something deep inside of me which has nothing to do with the outside world."

"I never really want to leave this country. It takes me so long to put down roots, that when I do, they won't let go. That's why I keep returning to Cape Cod. Some of my deepest roots are there."

"I watched a lot of tourists in Europe. I listened to them. They seem to travel for only two reasons: to shop and to eat. All you heard was: 'How did you like Italy, Mary?' 'Wonderful! I bought some beautiful leather in Florence. And so cheap!' And then they'd gush about the food or complain about it."

"That's not important to me. I like not being hungry. I simply eat whatever there is until my hunger is gone. But I wouldn't travel fifty miles to get some special dish the way a lot of tourists did in Europe. People do it here, too. I can't understand that."

"Honestly, I don't like travelling. I go to a lot of places and I think I'll enjoy them. But always I'm in the grip of a big push to see the next place or to do the next thing."

"So I go. When I get there, the feeling to move on overtakes me and spoils the place I'm at. If I'm in Rome, I'm sure I should be in Paris. When I get to Paris, New York is the place I want. Then, when I get to New York, I'm in a fever to get to Hollywood—and almost as soon as I get here, I can't wait to get back to New York."

Tony paused for a moment, in an effort to explain this driven restlessness.

"People talk about the excitement of all those cities," he went on. "Excitement means different things to different people. For me, it isn't the place that produces the excitement. I must bring my own feeling of excitement to a place. Then it can mean something to me, personally. In a way, it's me putting down roots. For only that little visit, I'm not the traveller, the tourist. I've put down my own roots and it belongs to me. Whatever is stimulating in that place, whether it's in Rome, Paris or Cape Cod, is what I've made stimulating, not something from the outside, or in a guide-book."

"I couldn't get accustomed to Hollywood. I still can't. I'm not really at home here. I don't know why. 'Maybe it's because working on a picture is such a hectic affair, with so many people milling around."

"When I'm through, I just want to be alone. I go to the movies by myself, or to a restaurant for dinner. I like to look at the people who are there alone, as I am. I feel their loneliness or their discouragement. In a strange kind of way, we support each other. You learn a lot about human beings that way. When they're alone, they are purely themselves, there is no need to be anything else."

Tony spoke slowly, deliberately as he said this, speaking more to himself, looking within. From time to time he would glance at the pocket watch. Once he touched it. I listened in silence for a long time. Finally, I said, "Tony, the first time we met you said you kept that watch in front of you because time was so important you hated to lose any of it. 'It keeps me on time for my appointments,' you said. 'I hate to be late.'"

He replied with the slow, boyish smile, head tilted forward and to one side: "That's right, I remember I did."

"Well why did you drag it out just now? This is your last appointment today, and



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we've got the whole evening ahead of us. Why the watch now?"

The slow smile widened into the naive grin and he shifted in his chair.

"No reason, I guess. I just like it."

Why does he cherish the watch so dearly? Let's look back into his beginnings, for a possible answer.

When Tony was born, in New York City in 1932, his father, the late Osgood Perkins, was one of the brightest stars in the theatrical firmament.

Tony was an only child, born late in his parents' marriage. When he was four years old, his father died. His mother, a non-professional, carefully avoided spoiling her small son. She reared him in an environment as far removed from the theater as she could devise. He grew up in an atmosphere of orderly quiet. But all his mother's and late father's friends were of the theater and they visited back and forth as all friends do.

The overtones in the child's subconscious must often have thundered with the pulse-stirring sound of applause—the applause accorded his father, Osgood Perkins. For the talk of him was frequent and the little boy absorbed it all.

His mother took him to theater just as many New York City children were taken—for an early exposure to culture, to learning, to the magical art of the stage.

But to Tony, these excursions meant much more than Saturday matinee and peppermint chocolates. They meant being a part of his dead father's living and the work he had done.

Inevitably, he heard of his father's greatest success, the comedy "Front Page," in which an old-fashioned gold pocket watch played a pivotal and extremely important part. . . .

Osgood Perkins' final line in "Front Page," delivered with the consummate artistry, the exquisite timing of a highly-talented actor—the line which brought down the third-act curtain, and the house —was spoken into a telephone to the chief of police: "Pick up Hildy Johnson The — stole my watch!"

Tony heard that famous last line many times in his growing up, for it was always mentioned—as the play "Front Page" was always mentioned—whenever Osgood Perkins was discussed.

"One afternoon, mused Tony, talking of his early life in New York, "I was taking a walk. I passed a pawn-shop and saw this watch in the window. I had to go in and buy it. I'd always wanted a gold pocket watch, I don't know why. I like to hook my fingers through the loop of it that's meant to be fastened to a chain. I walk with it in my hand and I enjoy the feel of it."

I wondered if it ever occurred to Tony that hooking his finger through the loop of an old gold watch brings him somehow closer to the father he lost so soon. Or more important, that it perhaps stands as a symbol of his father's greatness as an actor, a greatness Tony mentions frequently, with reverent respect.

Perhaps this is Tony Perkins. Perhaps, to Tony, as to twenty-five-year-old Eben Cabot, whom he plays in Eugene O'Neill's "Desire Under the Elms," "each day is a cage in which he finds himself trapped but inwardly unsubdued. There is a fierce repressed vitality about him." He has a gold watch to tick off the "trap" of Time. He caters to its demands, but he is restless and unsubdued. His fierce vitality is repressed—except when he is overtaken with the impulse to express it wildly, sometimes shockingly. . . .

"I've always wanted to act," he whispered hoarsely. "As long as I can remember. . . ."

THE END



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THE TODDS' FIRST YEAR

Continued from page 32

discussing their anniversary when I saw them sitting at the ringside at the Waldorf one night applauding Harry Belafonte. All eyes eventually fell on Liz, beautiful in a backless gown, mostly black but with a sliver of red near the waist. Her diamond earrings sparkled in the half light of the room.

We later went up to Belafonte's suite, where Liz held court.

Belafonte, Mrs. Belafonte, the Jackie Robinsons, the Andre Baruchs and I paid tribute while Mike was Liz's court jester.

Liz had just been present at a banquet where Mike got an award.

"Liz now rations my speeches," Mike said. "She claims I talk too much."

For Liz, it was pleasant enough—she only had to be introduced, and the rest of the evening, she sat there like a monarch, while people exclaimed about her beauty.

"I got a special clause in her contract when she works for me in 'Don Quixote,'" Mike said. "She's got to report on the set every day by 4:00 P.M."

That was another way of mentioning Liz's fondness for sleeping late. Mike said he'd "rented Spain" for the picture. Liz herself was to be working on her last M-G-M picture, "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof," around the anniversary date.

Where would they be on the anniversary?

Either in California—or Europe.

Mike of course has his critics—a couple of them would be his ex-wife, Joan Blondell, and his ex-girl friend, Evelyn Keyes—but Liz quite enthusiastically told a friend of mine recently:

"I'm the luckiest girl in the world to have found Mike."

Personally, I look at it differently.

As I survey those eyes and those shoulders and those . . . uh, figure. . . . I think Mike was the winner. Nevertheless, Liz nodded her pretty chin vigorously as she spoke the line above. Gesturing somewhat, so that some of her jewelry (given to her by Mike) clanked musically, Liz said:

"For one thing, there's the way the kids love him."

Continuing her rhapsody, Liz said, "He plays with them. He fights with them. He throws them up in the air. He's their pal!"

Mike may also have them smoking cigars by the time they're ten but that's Mike.

This fondness for children is a side of Mike unknown to his Broadway friends and enemies, for Mike's been thought of in the past as a fellow whose only knowledge of children was that they generally got in for half price.

Still, this probably was unfair. Don't forget that his own son, Michael Jr., was a competent young man who contributed importantly to the first Cinerama. Do you remember it? Those thrilling Venetian canal scenes?

Just a kid then, Mike Jr. did much of the actual camera work.

Let's go back even further. One night several years ago Mike Sr. ecstatically informed me that his son was going to Lawrenceville Prep School, near Princeton, and that he'd just been to visit him.

That meant a lot to Mike Sr., whose own education had been skimpy.

By the time Mike and Liz had "got serious," young Mike had made old Mike a grandfather.

And Mike Sr. took Liz to see the grandchild . . . which stole the show from Liz. "My grandchild approved of me marryin' Liz," is the way Mike told it.

Some people tried to kid Mike about the age difference (Mike's about twenty years older). I was attending a big society party on Long Island one night when Mike and Liz were dancing and everybody was speculating about a possible marriage. Mike came to our table with Liz to greet ex-heavyweight champion Gene Tunney, who couldn't resist the same opportunity to make a joke about Mike's age—and very black hair.

"I see you use the same hair oil I do," Tunney chuckled.

"Yeah—I use shoe polish and dye mine!" flipped Mike, not angrily but nevertheless right back. "And don't bother telling her I wear a toupee, because she's seen it!"

Which was untrue—but which Liz loved. That very night Liz told George Jessel, who also danced with her, that she was in love with Mike—and it was then (in September, 1956) that the forecasts of marriage began to appear.

"And this marriage is going to have a good long run," is the current prediction of one of Mike's intimates. "This may run even longer than 'Around the World in 80 Days,' which may run forever."

How does Mike do it? Being all-girl (and isn't she, though), Liz likes attentions—and Mike's quaint practice of bearing her gifts appeals to the three-time bride.

On one anniversary—it could have been the sixth month of marriage, or maybe only the fourth—Mike asked the furrier to bring her around two fur coats . . . one a black diamond mink, the other a diadem mink.

"Take your choice," Mike directed her.

Liz looked them over expertly. She had a hard time deciding.

"My choice is both of them," she finally said. And she did take the two.

Some people believe Mike will never be able to spend all the money that he can eventually earn on "Around the World in 80 Days"—and that another mink coat can't make much difference to him.

I asked about a diamond tiara Liz has worn a few times and Mike shrugged that off with, "Oh, that's just a Saturday night present." He bought her a diamond-and-ruby necklace and clip for his big London opening. That was to match a couple diamond and ruby bracelets which he bought her.

Liz saw a pair of the Duchess of Kent's "chandelier-size" earrings she liked. Mike had a pair made up for her.

"Another Saturday night present," Mike said lightly.

"It's the little things that count," Liz laughs.

"Little diamonds, little rubies, little emeralds!" says Mike.

Mike has also taken a great interest in Liz's clothes since their romance started, and as one friend puts it, "she's bloomed."

"She's discovered hats," an intimate pointed out. "She bought fifty or sixty in Paris. Little hats. Mike went shopping with her a couple of times and helped her pick out Dior and Lanvin dresses. She got interested in color combinations. . . ."

Yeah, color combinations . . . red (for rubies), green (for emeralds) and white (for diamonds). They blend so well!

When anybody has made a suggestion about the Todds being even occasionally unhappy, Mike has snapped back, "I hope every couple is as unhappy as we are!"

Actually, about the only cause for any little quarrel has been Liz's tardiness.

And Mike by now is prepared—to a certain extent—for that. Even before they

were married, he was advising his press agent, Bill Doll, to falsify slightly to Liz when telling her about appointments. He should tell Liz that the appointment was for one hour earlier than it actually was. That way, Mike figured, she would only be one or two hours late.

But a six-hour tardiness . . . well, that's one Mike isn't quite ready to handle. But he's already had to handle it.

'Twas down in Louisville in October when "Raintree County"—starring Liz—premiered in ole Kentucky.

"If I told you why we're late, I'd get a punch in the kisser," he said as they stepped out of a two-motor plane. However, his opening remarks proved light and somewhat humorous, as usual. He boomed out the announcement, "I'm Mr. Elizabeth Taylor. Or just call me Mike Todd Jr.'s father. . . ."

Liz implied that it was Mike's passion for long-distancing practically everybody in the world that made them late.

"Let's pretend for now that we're not mad at each other, dear," Mike said.

Maybe you remember some front-page pictures of them snarling at each other in Europe because Liz was late and missed a regular commercial flight.

We're assured now that this was kind of a joke.

"They were just horsing around at the airport when somebody took these pictures," maintains Mike's faithful secretary, Medora.

Mike had already sensed that Liz wasn't going to make the plane. He'd asked his secretary to charter a plane to take them from Nice to Paris. When Liz arrived late—as he had anticipated—he went through the motions of kidding her about being unpunctual.

"They never 'made up' afterward," claims Medora, "because nobody was ever really mad."

Mike's colorful conversation keeps Liz intrigued at their Park Avenue six-room duplex, at their home in Westport, Conn., and at their place in Beverly Hills. He's so accustomed to switching to the lingo of the carnival lots that he sometimes calls Liz "this dame" or even "my broad."

But the latter he doesn't attempt much—for he says as he chomps a cigar, "You're lookin' at the new Todd."

The "new Todd" is supposed to be a polished, cultured fellow, full of information about modern art, given sometimes to commenting concerning his friend, Senator Hubert Humphrey of Wisconsin, "I may make him President."

Mike has turned into something of a homebody.

"They're not very gadaboutish," friends say. Oh, sure, they go around the world. But when they're at home, they're at home.

Liz comes up sometimes with business ideas, but since Mike won an Oscar pretty well without her advice, she's a very wise woman who doesn't intrude.

He goes home to dinner . . . on time.

He's proud of his family . . . but in a quiet way.

Displaying a picture of Liz, Liza and himself to me in his office one day, he put it in two words.

"Nothin' huh?" he said.

Immediately one knew from that remark that it was quite something to him.

Mike bought a small Rolls-Royce and in the back there's a beautiful black-leather, white-trimmed inlaid bar which pulls out.

There's a tray on each side, reading "Liz" and "His."

Naturally, Mike's got a phone in the Rolls. One day while phoning from the limousine to some tycoon, he jokingly said,

"Pardon me, my other phone is ringing."
Mike talks a lot about his next picture, "Don Quixote."

"Liz may play The Ugly Duchess," Mike flips, "or if not that, the Old Witch."

Mike's now twice a grandfather—there's Cyrus, going on two, and Susan, born last Oct. 7—and in addition to being father of Liza, Mike is the step-daddy of the two children of Liz and Michael Wilding, her second husband. The two boys, who are approximately three and five, live in Westport most of the time, getting plenty of the country air. Although there was a distinct coolness for a while between Wilding on one side, and Mike and Liz on the other, that was straightened out, and they're friendly now.

There was so much buzz-buzz-buzz about his huge blowout for a week in advance that everybody you met seemed to be asking, "Are you going to Mike's party?"

I got to asking it, too, as I made my Broadway rounds. One night at El Morocco I saw a pretty well-known American masculine personality who was in from Hollywood. As usual, I asked him how long he was staying around New York. He was leaving in a couple of days.

"Aren't you going to Mike's party?" I asked.

"Hardly," he said, quietly, and walked away.

It was Nicky Hilton . . . whom I'd momentarily forgot was Liz's first spouse.

Mike seems to have, for Liz, a kind of electricity that never sparked off any other man. For that matter, Mike has it for many people, and it can truly be said that even his enemies like him.

For he has many of them, as does practically everybody who's successful in show business. A human dynamo, Mike probably has more than some other successful men, because he's been in more enterprises. Once a gagwriter for Olsen and Johnson, once a carnival-barker, once a flop Broadway producer, he has the gift of warmth.

One thing everybody agrees with is: "Mike is a great showman."

If Mike merely is stepping out into the street to get into his limousine, it's a show. He does it with a flourish and a difference. If he's ordering dinner for Liz at the Colony or at Luchow's, it's a production. Liz is always an appreciative audience.

When he rises each morning, the curtain's up.

"Liz waits for him at home like a hausfrau," one of her friends told me.

Mike has been attentive and tender to her during her illness—starting with the time she had her back in a harness, and continuing through her appendicitis attack when they were on their recent world trip.

When they are being comparatively stationary, Mike goes dutifully home at the end of the day to find Liz waiting with something interesting for dinner.

"Before he married Liz, he didn't eat much," one associate informed me. "Now he takes an interest in food because Liz has arranged it."

Liz's well-to-do parents, the Francis Taylors (her father's an art dealer), are among Mike's biggest boosters. When the four are together, as they frequently are, the parents seem to be enjoying Mike almost as much as their daughter.

You can't help smiling at a guy who autographed a picture to his press agent, "You made me what I am today—but I still like you."

No, you never can tell, in show business, what's going to happen, but it surely would seem to be true—as one intimate said:

"This one's going to last a while."

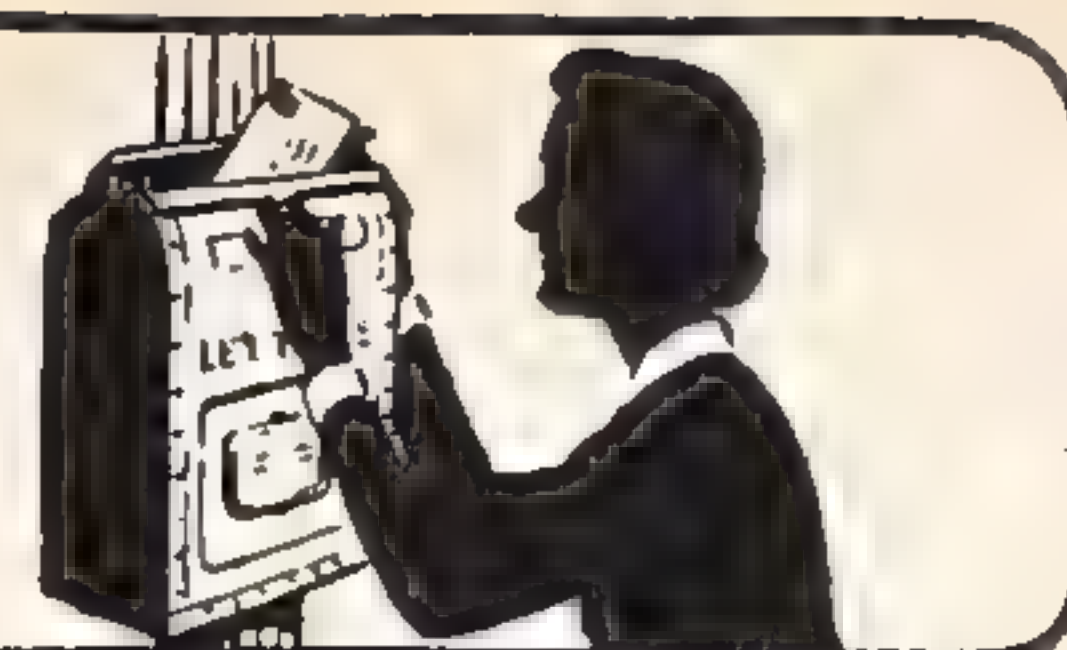
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HORRORS! THEY'RE BACK

Continued from page 35

Next time you look into your fog-shrouded TV screen and see the granddaddy of them all, "Dracula," thank Universal for this mixed blessing that proved first, last and always—monsters are moneymakers.

"Dracula" cursed its screen creator, Bela Lugosi, in a way more frightening than anything the monster ever did to his victims. "No one knows what I suffer from this role," he would moan. "Of course I don't believe there are human vampires—how could I? And yet—there are behind me all those generations of Lugosis who knew there were such fiends. It's all part of the folklore of my country, of those people who pictured horrible things in graveyards and ghoulish deeds in darkest night. I know it's absurd, but when I began to rehearse 'Dracula,' I knew that the role was eating me up. When I finish this picture, if it is possible to avoid it, I shall play Dracula no more. No. Never!"

But it was not possible. He had fled from his native Budapest during a political upheaval, appeared in Shakespeare all over Europe, and was hailed, at his Broadway debut, as "The greatest actor ever to come to America." After "Dracula," all that was a memory. Lugosi once joked grimly that, to an actor, "the greatest horror is unemployment." And he saw plenty of it. Whenever there was a horror part, the call went out for Lugosi. Otherwise, no dice. "I played every kind of role in Europe, but here they think I can only scare children. It is very discouraging," he bitterly remarked to a friend. Finally, penniless and at the end of his rope, he voluntarily committed himself to an institution for drug addicts and died last year shortly after having been released as cured.

But the picture that destroyed him lives on, and at its premiere Universal pulled out all the stops. They were going to sell "Dracula" as "The Strangest Love a Man Has Ever Known" (a fair enough estimate, to say the least), but they finally decided to play the horror angle for all it was worth. To this end, an ambulance was parked conspicuously in front of the theater. Girls dressed as nurses were sta-

tioned inside, and signs were hung all over the place saying, "See the Doctor—Nurses in Attendance." Newspaper ads, in tombstone form, dared people to come and warned those with weak hearts to have a checkup first. And finally, several women were hired to faint. When the theater men checked up on this angle, they found they had just as many real faints as phonies. Parading the limp bodies on stretchers in full view of waiting patrons helped enormously. Today, all this may sound terribly familiar, but then it was a sensation. Eager to cash in on their success, Universal then rushed into production with "Frankenstein," the tale of a mad scientist who created a seven-foot monster out of bits and snatches from graves, gallows, dissecting rooms and morgues. (If you don't believe it, catch him on TV—he's big there now.) Anyway, the beast was then activated by lightning on a secret formula known only to the doctor. They offered the monster role to Lugosi, who turned it down because it was all pantomime and no dialogue. He recommended his good pal Boris Karloff. Little did Karloff know what he was getting into.

The makeup job alone was horrendous. To represent the brute's patchwork nature, the hands were covered with large red and purple stitches to give the idea of several pieces of flesh sewn together. His built-up shoes weighed fifteen pounds apiece, and twenty pounds of padding was lumpily distributed all over his body so that nothing looked as if it matched anything else (e.g., neck and torso were at variance, the legs looked peculiar together, etc.) Karloff's head was encased in a tin frame and then everything was molded together. Fake steel bolts were set on each side of his neck (with wires attached for the life-giving voltage), and he heavily (and painfully) waxed over and around his eyes to give them the utterly dead, expressionless appearance of a creature with no soul.

To keep this freak top-secret, the studio required Karloff, when walking from set to set, or leaving his dressing room, to cover himself with cheesecloth. And upon its release "Frankenstein" was a greater sensation than "Dracula." When thousands of children wrote in to "Dear Frankenstein—," Universal knew it really had something.

As for Boris Karloff—as "Dracula" did with Bela Lugosi, "Frankenstein" doomed him to a diet of horror, but not so exclusively, which was fortunate.

A mild-mannered Britisher who likes golf, gardening and tea at four, Karloff was once approached by a wide-eyed fan, all atremble to know how it felt to play "The Mummy"—encased in yards of bandages and sealed up in a coffin. "Damned hot!" was the amiable reply. Though he has played any number of other roles—most recently, on Broadway and TV, the kindly old bishop in "The Lark," with Julie Harris—fan memories are long, like those of some enterprising neighborhood kids who knocked on his door one Halloween. They were out for the annual "trick or treat" loot, and they figured that if Boris Karloff came along with them, they just couldn't miss. Their offer was declined, with thanks.

"Frankenstein" and "Dracula" were soon joined in films—and now on TV—by two other prime favorites—"The Mummy" and "The Wolf Man." "The Mummy" (Mr. Karloff), an ancient number who could definitely stand a fresh change of bandages, was untimely ripped from his tomb by a couple of snoopy gravediggers in Egypt. (To show his gratitude, he promptly strangled one of them—"With One Hand!" proudly proclaimed the publicity.) Actually, he had never died but was kept alive by several generations of devoted servants, who siphoned the juice of nine tana leaves (whatever they are) through an opening in all that messy linen. Now he stalks the earth in search of the descendant of his original beloved, who always turns up as the prettiest thing on the campus. This then sets us up for two scenes you could reconstruct with your eyes shut.

First, there's the one in which moonlight streams eerily through the bedroom window, a shadow falls across the sleeping features of our fair lady, she awakens to find the monster leering at her, and then lets out a scream that cracks every piece of glass in the house. There follows the "fate-worse-than-death" bit in which the damsel's limp form is seen being carted away ever so slowly, so that the good guys can get close enough to the beast to take a shot at him. He then dumps his prize and runs—all ready for another try in the next reel.

"The Wolf Man" had the annoying habit of running around barking at the full moon. Furthermore, he was a definite social risk. One could never be sure whether or not, in the middle of some refined gathering, his hands wouldn't start sprouting all those messy little clumps of hair. A silver bullet through his brain was the answer for him.

Counting their sequels, "Frankenstein," "Dracula," "The Mummy" and "The Wolf Man" have accounted for well over a dozen films, all being shown nationally on television now.

But enough of monsters! Nowadays, what with more and more animal-type fiends (crabs, creatures from lagoons, preying mantises, etc.) invading the nation's screens, the long neglected heroine of the horror film is coming into her own as somebody more than just "that girl who screamed." In many cases she's vying with the menace for importance.

Pamela Duncan, for instance, is the girl who spent most of her time fighting off the crab monster in Allied Artists' smash hit movie "Attack of the Crab Monster." The work, she says, "was hectic and hazardous and after two pictures, I'd had it. But looking back, I can laugh at all the funny things that happened. At the time you're actually working, though—five or six o'clock in the morning on a cloudy beach—you feel like you're in another world. Or when you go underwater and the air valve on your diving equipment doesn't work, you feel you will be out of

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this world shortly, and that is no joke. "One of my funniest experiences," she continued, "was a scene in 'Undead' where I was supposed to be riding in a hearse under a corpse in order to escape from some headhunters. The producer, Roger Corman, told me he was going to get a live actor instead of a dummy to play the corpse, because a dummy wouldn't have the 'dead weight' look of a real human. I thought he was kidding, but on the day the scene was to be shot, an actor who was trained in yoga showed up to play the corpse. He lay down in the hearse and became absolutely rigid, and the blood drained from his face. Then they photographed us as the hearse was being carried along. I looked so terrified on the screen my mother told me she couldn't sleep all night after seeing the movie. Actually, though, I wasn't frightened. I was laughing so hard the tears were running down my cheeks."

Very grateful to Roger Corman for "helping me break through the name barrier and giving me star billing," Pam is hoping for good results from her new Mickey Spillane TV series. She says of this, "When I made the pilot film, a cigarette was smashed in my face!"

Barbara Wilson, twenty-one-year-old star of "The Man Who Turned to Stone," says her favorite scenes are the gruesome ones where she dies. "In this picture," she says, "I'm a seventeen-year-old unwed mother who gets killed. In the scene I like best they put me in a tub of solution and put electrical stuff on my head and I'm struggling all the time. The stone monster sits in a chair and has electrical apparatus attached to his head. This is the way they transfer life from one person to another and keep themselves (the stone men, that is) alive for hundreds of years. I certainly loved that scene," she reminisced happily.

Practically a horror veteran by now (two pictures), Barbara counts another favorite of hers "Blood of Dracula," in which she plays a student in a girls' school. "Every so often," she continued, warming to her subject, "one of the girls turns into Dracula and kills a schoolmate. One of them (Sandra Harrison) is turned into Dracula through a science experiment. I don't get killed. I guess I escaped because I'm a fast runner."

What do we have to look forward to in the way of future horrors? Well, horror trends in motion pictures are like an amalgamation of everything that has gone before: monsters ("Curse of Frankenstein," "Daughter of Dr. Jekyll," "Cyclops"); animal creepers ("Tarantula," "The Black Scorpion"); science fiction ("The Night the World Exploded," "Giant Claw"); and the just plain weird ("The Amazing Colossal Man"). When these have run their course, a fresh batch is set to move in, including such choice items as "The Screaming Mimi," and "The Fiend Without a Face." And now that we stand on the threshold of space travel, a whole new world of horrible possibilities opens up. Subterranean Monsters of the Moon Glimpsed for the First Time! Strange Creatures of the Planets in a Battle to the Death for the Control of Space!

And for those dull lulls between double features, we suggest the latest up-to-the-minute horror—the "sick joke." Samples? "Dad, did Mickey Mantle just hit that home run?"

"What do you care, you're blind."

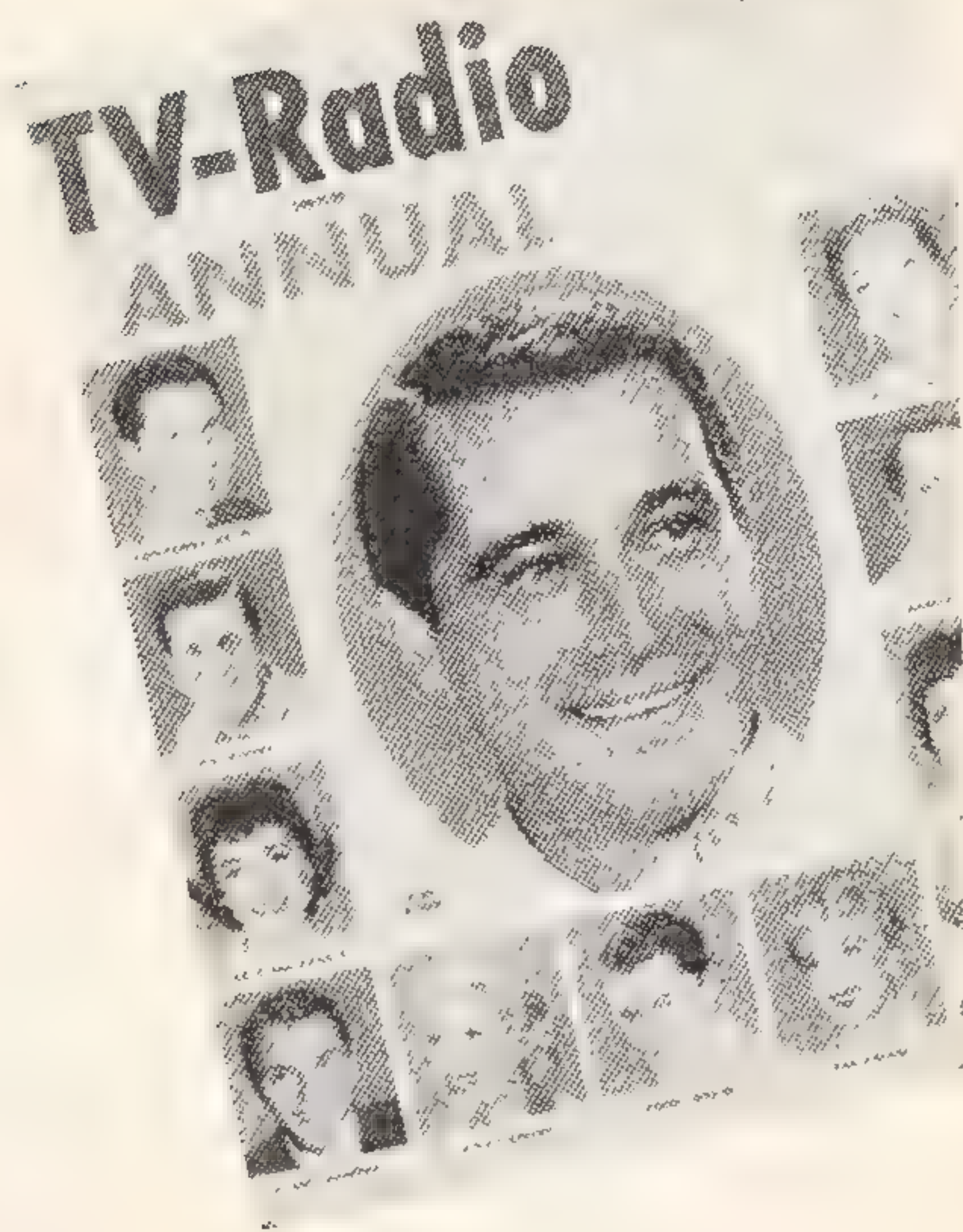
Or—
One brother: "I just pushed Mom over the cliff."

Other Brother: "Don't make me laugh, my lips are chapped."

(It's best to tell them with a bright, maniacal look in your eyes.) THE END



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BOB, DID YOU KNOW?

Continued from page 47

to decide what to wear. Then, after she had gotten dressed, she decided she would look better in another outfit and promptly changed. A little thing, I guess, but it held a lot of significance for me.

I could tell by the way she looked whenever she talked about you; the pleasure she got out of every present you gave her; her unwillingness to accept an appointment without first checking with you; her restlessness when you went to Japan for a film (the phone bills alone!), and her eagerness in showing me the ring you brought her back which she called a "friendship" ring but which, I was sure, meant more than that, even though you gave her that beautiful pearl-and-diamond engagement ring to replace it later. (You see, I know Natalie like a book.)

Before she met you, love was like a game to her. Like any female, she loved attention, the more the better. But in spite of what had been said, I know she was never serious enough about any of the other fellows to even consider marriage.

What made you so different?

While Natalie insists that appearance makes very little impression on her, I personally think she likes handsome men—and you are the handsomest she has ever met. Don't blush, but you have other qualities that impressed her, too—manners, you're attentive (without making a fool of yourself by going overboard, as some of her beaux had done), and you've an easy-going nature which makes you fun to be with (and Natalie likes to have fun). But most of all, you treated Natalie like a woman—not like an adolescent, or a character, as some men did.

What's more, from the very beginning you were "accepted" by her parents—which is more than can be said about a number of fellows she dated who were never quite as welcome at her house. The Woods knew that you were the kind of man they'd like their daughter to marry.

Apparently Natalie thought so too another day I visited, because before she hung up I heard her say "And I love you too..." Then she welcomed me like a long-lost relative. I'd only left her ten hours earlier, but that's the way she is.

I've often thought of adjectives that would describe Charlie: Impetuous, generous, moody, affectionate, sensitive, hypochondriatic. But adjectives don't really prove much. Maybe by telling what it's like to be around Natalie, I can give a better picture of her as I see her. In fact, the day I first met her was as typical as anything that's happened since.

I had a date with Dennis Hopper and Natalie was with Nicky Adams and Bob Vaughn. At that time, this wasn't unusual. Once she made a date with four fellows for the same evening. All showed up at her house within ten minutes of one another.

We all met at Dennis' house, about six. "Where do you all want to go?" Nick asked.

"I don't know," said Natalie. She turned to me. "Where would you like to go?"

I didn't know either. Nobody could make up their minds till Natalie suggested "A nice little joint on Laurel Canyon..."

She knows all the "nice little joints" around town.

"They serve Hungarian goulash," she threw in as an added incentive.

We piled into Dennis' car and took off for the restaurant that looked like it had

been condemned when California joined the union. What a heap it was!

Obviously, Natalie had been there before. She knew everyone, and they knew her. And liked her. Typical Greenwich Village atmosphere. At least the way I picture it. I've never been there.

After dinner, it started again. Where do you want to go? I don't know. What about you? This went on for half an hour. Again it was Natalie who came up with an idea. She always does—after everyone's had a chance to voice opinions. "Let's see a movie." Nobody was impressed.

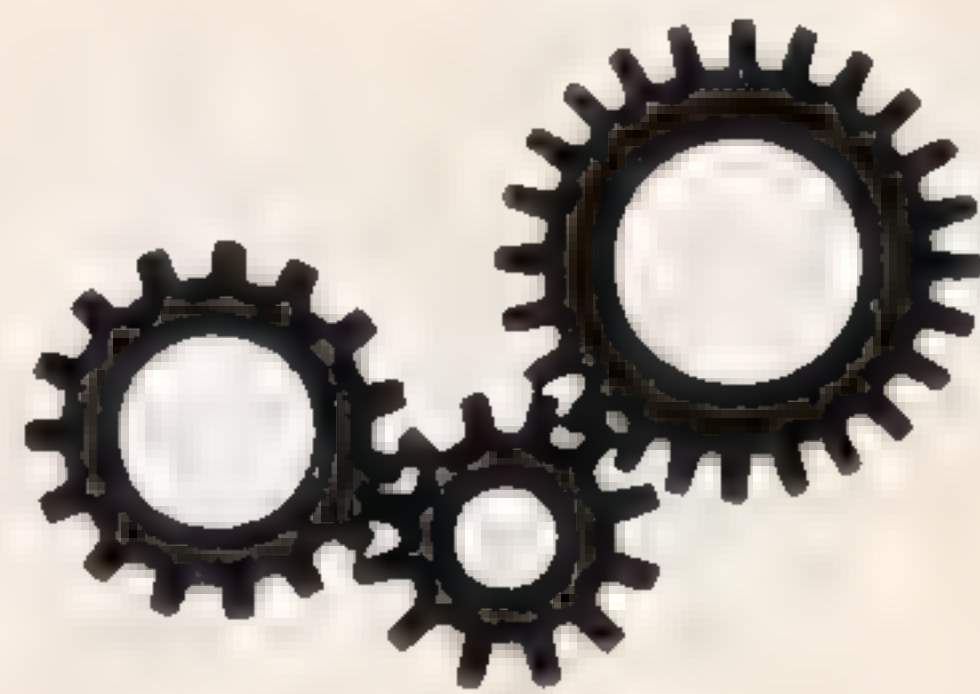
"A horror show!"

That did the trick. From a dinky little joint in Laurel Canyon, we drove to a dinky little theater on Santa Monica Boulevard, bought our tickets, loaded up with bags of popcorn, and settled down in the next-to-last row.

Taken Natalie to a movie lately? Then you know that when Natalie sees a picture, good or bad, she gets all wrapped up in it. She cries freely, laughs loudly, gives way to her emotions one hundred percent. In this case she shrieked till a plump, middle-aged woman ran to the manager and complained. He insisted we leave the theater.

Natalie was sorry about having caused the commotion. She apologized quite sincerely, and we were allowed to stay. But it was impossible for her to watch a horror show and restrain herself—and so we left on our own account.

We ended up at her house, sitting on the living room floor, drinking Cokes, eating



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plain bread with one hand and slices of salami and cheese with the other, because neither Natalie nor I felt like fixing anything fancier. And the boys didn't mind. I didn't think they'd mind anything just to be with her!

This first evening gave me the key to Natalie's behavior. Amazingly enough, it's simply—youth. Like everybody else, because of her prominence I had expected her to behave like a girl ten years older. I kept forgetting that she was only eighteen. And I think that's where she has been criticized too severely, too unfairly. People expect too much of her. And I don't think being a movie star, driving a Cadillac, wearing minks, and associating with famous people can mature a girl that much faster.

However, the effect of her kind of life does show through occasionally. But because it isn't persistent, the growing-up process is more difficult, more confusing, more erratic for Natalie than most girls her age.

For instance, she can be around people her own age, even younger, who are also in show business and feel perfectly at

ease. On the other hand, sometimes she associates with an older group with different interests and backgrounds and feels out of place.

That happened last year, when she called me at one in the morning, long distance, from a dance at a small college fifty miles from Los Angeles. She sounded frustrated and depressed. "I feel like an old woman," she complained. "I've got to get away from here..."

Actually she was one of the youngest in the crowd.

"What do you want me to do?" I asked, trying to grope for a solution.

"Call back and say I have a recording session tomorrow morning, so I have a reason to go home."

So I did, but when she came to the phone, she'd changed her mind. Not because suddenly she was enjoying herself more, but because she had thought it over and decided it wouldn't have been fair to leave.

But mostly she acts her age, sometimes even younger. Like the day after Bob Hope sent her the motorcycle outfit she had worn on his show: Leather jacket, pants, visor cap and all. When I showed up in the afternoon, she suggested, "Let's outcharacter those characters at Schwab's. Okay?"

It sounded like fun. I got a leather jacket and Levis, too. Both of us took off lipstick and as an extra precaution, Natalie put on dark glasses. At Schwab's no one recognized her, but a boy I knew promptly came over. Ironically, he had been after me for weeks to wangle an introduction to Natalie. And he started right in again.

Natalie grew more and more amused when he made his pitch. She got into the conversation, too, in her beloved Brooklyn accent. "That Natalie, she's a creep, what do you want to meet her for?" she cut in.

The boy ignored her. But Natalie kept heckling him till he took off. When I met him a couple of days later, he wanted to know, "Who was that you were with? Nice looking, but what a creep!"

"Natalie Wood," I grinned.

He could have died!

Natalie likes nothing better than playing practical jokes on people. When you were away, Bob, she suggested we drive to 20th Century-Fox "to fix up his dressing room a bit."

But before heading for your studio we took off first, to my surprise, for Warner Brothers, "for some material on Tab Hunter." I soon found out what was on her mind.

Two hours later, the job was done, and you know the rest. The following day when you walked into the room you found your wall plastered with huge posters of Tab—magazine layouts, photographs, newspaper headlines, specially printed for the occasion, proclaiming "Tab Hunter passes Bob Wagner in popularity," "Tab first on teenage poll," etc., etc., etc.

Another typical sign of her age is her different attitudes towards people. Most of the time she's at ease, casual, even a little noisy when she's with someone she likes really well. But when she's unsure of herself, when she fears disapproval, indifference or dislike, she becomes as shy as a twelve-year-old girl on her first date.

That was the case when she started to rehearse for the Bob Hope show. Natalie thought his was a "closed corporation." Everyone in his group had known one another for years. She was a newcomer. An outsider. She felt uneasy.

Natalie didn't change till the third day of rehearsal, when she finally realized that no one was against her. In fact, when she

became aware of how much they liked her, she loved them. I don't think she's ever had more fun than on the final days of rehearsal and the show itself.

This uneasiness is based on more than a typical teenage feeling of insecurity. It's a result of the same sensitivity that makes her such a wonderful actress.

For more than anything in the world, Natalie wants to be liked. And I don't mean just by her fans. By everyone. On the set. At the gas station. At parties. By friends, acquaintances, comparative strangers. And she needs people much more than she realizes; their approval, their kindness, their physical presence. Some one has to be around her all the time. And when they are not, she keeps in touch by phone. That's why she calls her mother practically every hour, why she calls me at three and four in the morning, why she constantly talks to her agent, to you, the studio, a dozen different people. Even at home she can't be alone for a moment. When she gets dressed, takes a bath, studies her script, her mother, her sister, or a girl friend invariably have to keep her company.

In a way, Natalie's need for an audience is an asset. It enables her to relieve her emotions promptly, and completely. For that reason, she never stays upset for long, never carries a grudge—and I've seen her plenty mad at people.

Take the night she burst into my apartment at four A.M. I didn't know she'd been there before. I was too sound asleep to hear her banging on the door an hour earlier.

She'd had a date with a boy who shall remain nameless. His behavior had upset her to the point where she insisted he'd drop her off at my place. Thinking I was out because I didn't hear her, she walked all the way to Schwab's, in an evening dress, tears streaming down her face, limping the last mile because she broke off the heel of her shoe. Before calling her folks, she had decided to try my number in case I was home by then.

I answered, offered to pick her up. "You stay home and fix some coffee," she insisted. "I'll walk back." And so, after notifying her parents that she was going to spend the night with me, she hobbled back a mile and a half. We talked for the rest of the night. With her problem off her chest, she finally fell asleep on the couch. The next morning she was her usual cheerful self. And while she never dated the boy again, she didn't stay mad at him for long either.

Next to her sensitivity, Natalie's most outstanding characteristic is her generosity. I have read a lot of magazine stories about her in recent months. Much to my amazement, none ever mentioned that trait. At first I thought Natalie was trying to hide the fact because it might embarrass her. I have since revised my opinion: She simply isn't conscious of it. Nevertheless, it shows every day, every hour, in dozens of different ways. And I'm speaking from experience.

Until I was signed to a long-term contract by Universal-International, I had no car.

When Natalie realized that I had no way to get to her house except by changing busses three times and walking another half an hour, she picked me up herself. When she heard I had an appointment for a job, she drove me there. And when she didn't have time, she made arrangements to get another car for herself—from her father, the studio, or yours, Bob (now you know why you got those hurry calls sometimes)—so I could use hers.

The same generosity is evident in loaning me her clothes, in what she does for

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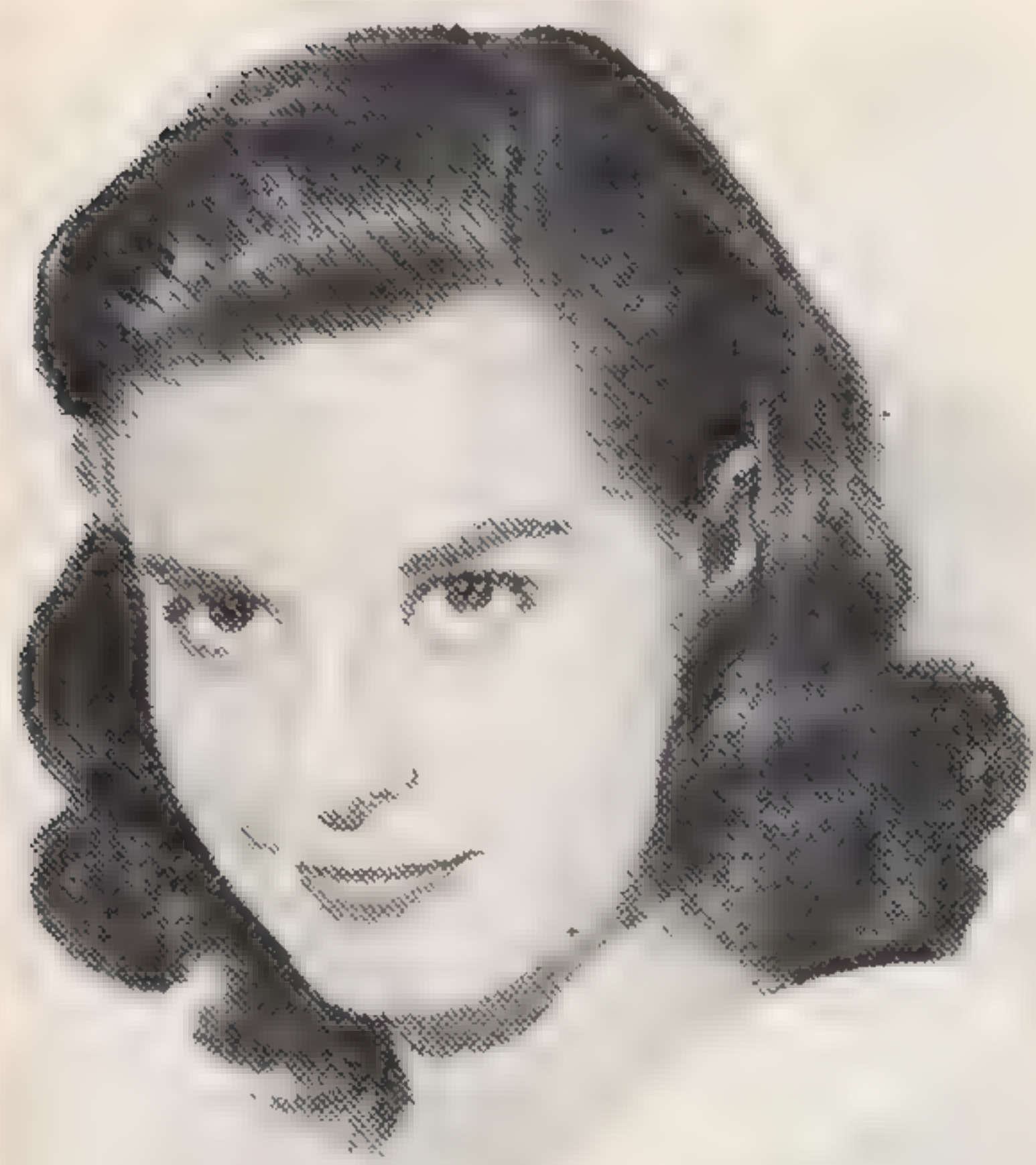
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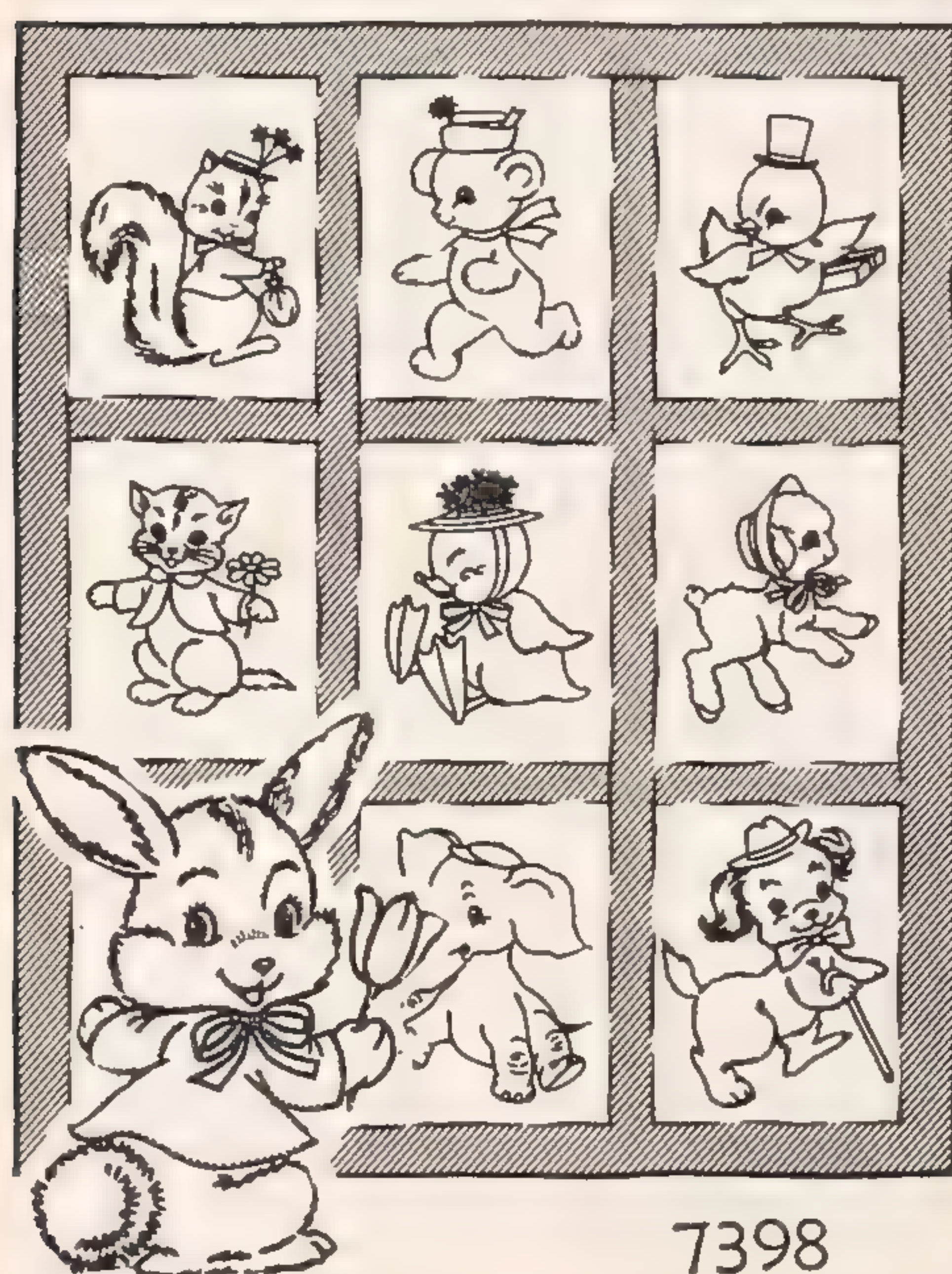
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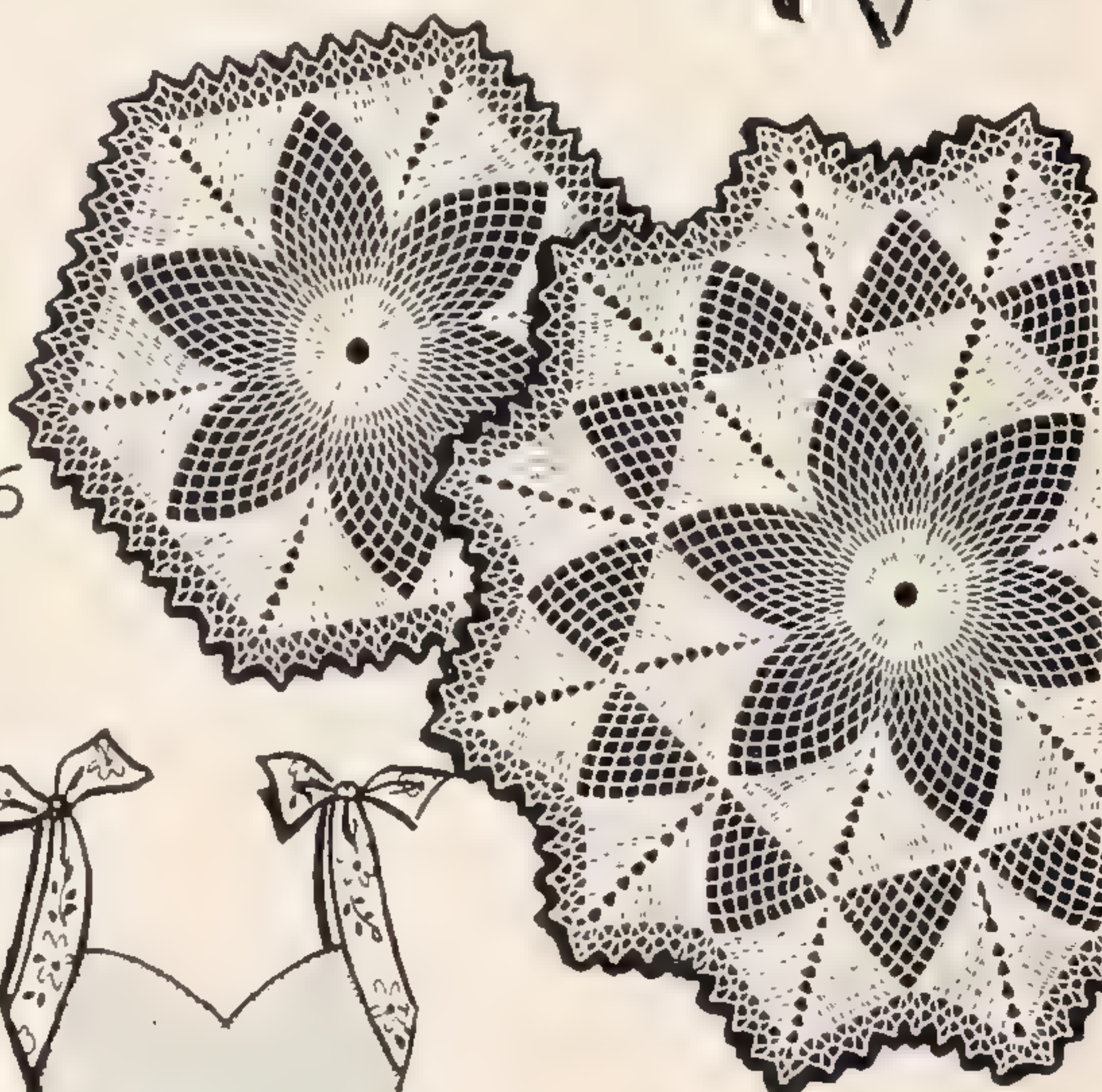
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her parents, her sister Lana, every friend and acquaintance who was ever in need. Only if someone tries to pressure her into doing anything will she turn a cold shoulder.

I don't claim Natalie is perfect. Far from it. But her faults, her weaknesses are human, unintentional, never calculated to hurt or offend anyone. And when she does, she's deeply sorry and tries to make up for it.

The one trait which constantly gets her into hot water is her complete lack of timing. She simply can't be rushed.

On the night of last year's Academy Awards, for instance, Troy Donahue and I doubled dated with Natalie and Lance Reventlow. The show started at seven P.M. The boys were supposed to pick us up at Natalie's house at six. When they showed up, Natalie and I were still in our slippers, without make-up, sitting on her bedroom floor, munching on sandwiches and drinking Cokes. I still don't know how we ever got there on time.

Or take one day she had a date with you. "He isn't going to pick me up till seven," she told me on the phone. "Why don't you come over for a while so we can talk."

"Love to," I said. "But do you know what time it is?"

She didn't.

"Ten minutes past seven!"

Just then you rang the doorbell. You had a nice long chat with Lana before Natalie was ready.

Curiously enough, she knows this habit, because one of her favorite pastimes is to analyze people, herself included. She just can't break herself of it.

Incidentally, her self-analysis combined with her vivid imagination has some startling effects. Every time she reads a book about a disease or hears a person discuss a sickness, she's promptly convinced that she has it, too. During the past six months, she was convinced she had hardening of the arteries, TB, rheumatism, scleriosis of the liver, leukemia, and half a dozen other diseases I never even heard about. And half the time she'll insist we have it, too. I don't even dare admit a headache anymore for fear she'll call an ambulance! Luckily, just as quickly as she identifies these "symptoms," she gets over them.

In fact, impetuosity is another typical characteristic of hers. It is particularly evident in her shopping manners. I've walked into the House of 7 & 9 with her and watched her order a dozen dresses at one time. I've also seen her get into rather embarrassing positions when she did this at stores where she has no charge accounts. Except that she doesn't get embarrassed.

One day she bought three beautiful summer dresses at one of the better department stores on Wilshire Boulevard. As usual, she had left her wallet at home. "That's all right, Miss Wood, you can give us a check," the saleslady smiled.

"But I don't have a check book with me," Natalie cried out like a little girl in grammar school who'd left her lunch at home.

"We have blank checks," the woman obliged, went to the counter, and a few moments later came back with the check.

Natalie filled in the date, the name of the company the check was made out to, the amount, then she hesitated. "I hate to tell you this—but I can't remember at what branch my account is. You see, Mother always deposits my checks. . . ."

The store sent her clothes home c.o.d.

Anything can happen with Natalie around. And usually does. She may not always do the right thing, but what she says, and does, is forthright, honest and comes from the heart. And the more I think of it, the more I hope, as I'm sure you will, she won't ever change. THE END

ON THE RECORD

Continued from page 50

appreciation of better kinds of music. There remains, of course, the question of a reasonable balance in the presentation of all kinds of music. In this matter, radio plays a vital role. But the proportionate and qualitative degree to which the individual station or network fulfills what virtually is a trust—well, that's another matter. "A desert," said Bill Simon, noted music editor, is what "radio has created with forty top programs and childish, monotonous rock 'n' roll."

But it's heartening to see how jazz is playing a vital part in the development of music tastes—and international good will as well! Look at Louis Armstrong's world tour. Dizzy Gillespie's. Benny Goodman's Far East tour. And the Glenn Miller Band (under Ray McKinley), Tony Scott and others blowing around the world, in some instances, even behind the Iron Curtain. But what's important is that you kids dance as well as listen to American jazz. This in turn leads to the higher appreciation and better understanding of all good music.

Movieland, too, is playing an increasingly important role in stimulating interest in good jazz. Take, for instance, "St. Louis Blues," Paramount's upcoming salute to W. C. Handy with such wonderful artists in the cast as Nat "King" Cole, Eartha Kitt, Pearl Bailey, Ella Fitzgerald and Mahalia Jackson. They all sing Mr. W. C.'s great tunes. Cab Calloway is also in the cast. I asked producer Robert Smith what numbers he sings. "None," he replied. "Cab's role is strictly character. He's the saloonkeeper who cheats Handy out of his rights to a great song by giving him fifty dollars to pay his rent and buy a meal!"

Want to catch the finest in "live" music, wherever you happen to be? Here are some places to keep in mind: the Voyager Room in New York's Henry Hudson Hotel, where they dance as well as lend an ear to the sweet trumpet artistry of Bobby Hackett . . . the Big City's Birdland and Cafe Bohemia for high-class jazz . . . the Metropole, Eddie Condon's, Nick's and the Central Plaza for Dixieland music . . . In Boston, there's the famed Storyville and in Chicago, the Blue Note.

And don't neglect the Black Hawk in San Francisco, the Rouge Lounge in Detroit, the Crescendo in Hollywood, the Grandview in Columbus, Ohio, the Show Boat in Philadelphia and the Lighthouse in Hermosa Beach, California. These are just a sampling of the fine establishments throughout the country where you can go for the sheer enjoyment of good jazz.

Next month, I'll give a full explanation of the difference between the various schools of jazz. Till then, keep swinging!

THE END



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"I'M GOING TO QUIT ACTING"

Continued from page 40

haven't been written that Mickey will stand still to deliver," complained a writer once.) His knowledge of what to do on stage or in front of the camera is instinctive, his manner of delivery sure strokes of performance, and he is utterly without fear or inhibitions. He pours himself forth in brilliant bursts of acting, which generally swamp everyone else who happens to be in the scene. ("To me, Mickey is a little Napoleon," sighs a fan.) But when the show is done—so is most of the superlative Mickey.

He reverts to what he is essentially—an undersized and not particularly appealing male with a sort of gnarled look about him these days. A male who, in the opinion of a number of his professional contemporaries, finds it as hard to accept himself, as do strangers.

This, it is generally believed, is the principal reason why he is miserable when not working and almost demoralized when he isn't in top demand in the entertainment world. "Sure, Mickey can act," commented another actor about him recently. "Give him a character to portray and the transformation is miraculous. No one can lose himself in a role as happily as Mickey. He'd rather spend his time being anyone but Mickey Rooney."

Because that Mickey Rooney was in the thick of show business from babyhood on, he goes back in American movie entertainment a longer way than most people realize. This, due to the playing of his old pictures over television, has led to some confusion about his appearance and identity, especially with the younger generation. One night, as he was leaving the Columbia Recording Studios in New York City, two twelve-year-girls spotted him.

"Are you Mickey Rooney?" asked one, timidly. "That's what the doorman told us."

"Yes, I am," Mickey replied.

"That's funny," the girl commented, puzzled. "You look a lot younger on TV."

What the girl had seen, of course, was one of Mickey's old films. He began acting in them when he was six years old, and he has been in them ever since. The son of vaudevillians Nell Carter and Joe Yule, Joe Yule, Jr. crawled onto his first stage in 1923—at age one—in Brooklyn, his birthplace, as Dad sang "Pal of My Cradle Days." By the age of two, little Joey was a regular in his parents' act, his family having implored Governor Alfred E. Smith to grant him a special work permit. By the time he was five, the world of entertainment enveloped Joe's life, and he had already begun to learn that success in it required long hours of dance and song practice. His perseverance was rewarded; he was allowed to tour the eastern circuits as a kid prodigy.

In his motion picture debut, "Not to be Trusted," Joe played a midget. Shortly after that, producer Larry Darmour announced he was looking for a dark-haired kid who could look and act tough. The description was Joey all over, thought his mother, and so she took him to Hollywood—after dying his light hair a midnight black! At Mr. Darmour's office, Joe and his mother were kept waiting an hour, and by the time they were admitted, the restless boy was so irritated that he acted more belligerent than ever during the interview. He was hired on the spot, and the result was a comedy series starring Mickey "Himself" McGuire.

After six years, at age twelve, he'd outgrown the role and decided himself to take to the road and make a fresh start—with the name Mickey Rooney. Not long after, he returned to Hollywood, was signed by M-G-M and went on to make a string of successful movies for them. At seventeen he had already copped an Oscar for "Boys' Town" and the "Hardy Family" series. Two years in a row he won Academy Award nominations, and then another Oscar in 1943 for his performance in "The Human Comedy." Thirteen years later, in 1956, he won another nomination for "The Bold and the Brave"—Even for show business, one must admit, Mickey's career has been fabulous.

That Mickey Rooney has slipped from the top a number of times is true. But each time he has fought his way back again. And that is where he is today: Firmly ensconced as one of the most solid, versatile personalities in American showdom, after a staggering total of eighty-two pictures and a choice handful of television performances. Yes, right now Mickey is fairly content because he is well started on what he calls his "second chance." As a result of his success in Ernest Lehman's "The Comedian" over CBS television last year, he has been busy being a lot of other people, from *Pinocchio* of fable fame, to Baby Face Nelson of the gangster era (one of the most financially successful sleepers of the season), to the hilarious



Friends are hoping that Mickey and Elaine can work out marital trouble

Sergeant Skibo of Columbia's "Operation Mad Ball."

Yet, despite the fact that he's recently been tapped to star in a new private-eye CBS-TV series called "Personal and Private," and in "The Son of Andy Hardy," a return to M-G-M in the famous series, in which he now plays the father role, Mickey is near the end of his career as an actor. "A couple of more years at the most," he said the other day, rubbing his hands together in a typical gesture, "and then I'm just going to produce and direct." Mickey has come to enjoy the freedom of mingling with his fellow man as a human being, and not as a caricature, clown or any of the dozen other types of roles he has played. "After some thirty years as a byword of American movie fans, he has had all the personal adulation he could ever want," comments a friend. "And now Mickey wants credit only for his work; he has become a real pro."

Mickey Rooney now wants to bring that thirty years' experience in show business to bear where he thinks it best belongs now—behind the scenes. If this decision be puzzling, if it be at conflict completely with his character, his early history and known love for the limelight, it probably baffles Mickey as well. But he means it. And as those who have worked closely with him reason it out, Mickey wants to make an all-out bid to play the one big role he has failed at all his life: The role of being himself.

But, as one veteran actor who has known Mickey since childhood, says of him, "I don't know how Mickey could have played his life any differently given the same set of circumstances and the same sort of personality he had as a youngster."

The fact that he slipped so many times before his "second chance" has led to unhappiness which can be blamed as much on bad advisors as on bad breaks. Mickey was told to make pictures he should never have played in, just to keep him working. For when Mickey Rooney was idle, nobody ate, including his managers. But a few years ago, he tied up with a manager who saw things differently, who thought no pictures were better than bad pictures, and that a good picture was worth waiting and even starving for. He helped firm up a sense of analysis and judgment that had already begun growing in Mickey. His name is "Red" Doff, and Mickey, a careful guy about his commitments, has accepted his recent roles in ninety-minute TV spectacles on the strength of no more than a two-minute explanation of the show by Doff.

But, Mickey reasons, working as a production executive or a director will fit in with the more orderly routine he has fallen into lately, and this in turn fits in with his recent fight to save his marriage, and the desire to maintain a home life, something he hasn't had much of. He wants no more divorces after that long line of marriages that began when he was twenty-one and wed an unsophisticated nineteen-year-old girl from North Carolina, whose name was Ava Gardner. Ava, a newcomer to Hollywood, impressed Mickey, the star. After a six-month courtship, they were married. Ava admits she was impressed by Mickey's success—he was one of the country's top ten box-office personalities. But eight months later, the marriage was ended.

"We were both too young and in too fabulous a business," admitted Mickey. "Everybody had us married before we had even made up our own minds. It isn't true that we had fights because Ava wanted to go out and I didn't. We didn't have a home very long and most of that time we were both working hard."

And Ava? What did she think? "Mickey's mother told me that once he's got you, he doesn't want you any longer," she once explained when in a reflective mood.

"He was charming and he was delightful. He was romantic. He would have a beautiful body if he were a foot taller, but he was wonderful and he was great fun. He loved making others laugh and he loved an audience. I thought I had found what I wanted when I married Mickey, but as it turned out, I was neither a wife nor a companion."

Mickey's second try at happiness was marriage to Betty Jane Rase, an Alabama beauty contest winner. But both sadly found this match wasn't right either. "I was away in the Army for two years, and a lot can happen in that length of time." Of his third wife, actress Martha Vickers, Mickey said, "Martha is a wonderful gal and wonderful mother. We

just agreed to disagree, that's all." Martha divorced him after two years on "temper tantrum" charges.

About his wife, Elaine, whom he married in 1952, Mickey says, "It's pretty tough when a guy has been married four times. People sometimes get the idea he's unstable. But it isn't that. It's just a case of growing up. I'm a guy who has to find my happiness where I can. I found love—the right one—the fourth time around. I was crazy about Elaine the first time I met her. It was on a golf driving range, and a month later, we ordered dinner, never ate it and eloped. But we weren't hasty. We waited long enough to make sure we were right for each other. The important thing was Elaine and I liked each other. It's easy to feel romantic about someone you're married to, but it's tough to really like her, too."

Apparently, Mickey and Elaine's "liking" each other endured. Though their marriage seemed on the verge of breaking up last summer, when the Rooneys discussed a trial separation, within two weeks they had talked it over and decided on a reconciliation. "Elaine and I were at each other's throats for a while," Mickey quietly admitted. "People around us probably knew we were fighting and made more of the situation than the facts warranted. Anyway, we talked it over and ironed out some of the problems. We are going down the line together." And, although those "problems" have caused trouble anew, there was no doubting that this was his sincere hope.

There is good reason to believe that this "new," quieter, more rational, Mickey Rooney is going to be the final version. A man who gets tired of the kind of things which just please his vanity doesn't go back to them. His birthday last September 23 would have gone unnoticed by him had a few friends not insisted on a celebration. Finally, Mickey consented to a quiet dinner and an evening of closed-circuit TV afterwards. And there were no celebrities in the party.

Mickey, who used to be sensitive about his lack of height (to the point where he was a sucker for any kind of exercise machine purportedly able to add stature), has come to be quite unconcerned about it. From a kid who used to speed around in wild paint jobs he called cars, he has graduated to driving an automobile which is just plain black. His clothes are conservative, his manner mild.

Never a fellow to read a script before he undertakes a part in it, because he always felt this dulled spontaneity of performance, he has learned to read and love the works of the better playwrights and authors, and even of the older classicists. The works of Shakespeare are not remote from his ken; after all, he played *Puck* in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" at thirteen and hasn't forgotten a line.

But perhaps the most significant facet is a sense of conscientiousness which characterizes his relationship with his associates and the members of his family today. Mickey was always generous with those with whom he worked or those in his family whom he supported, but not always thoughtful. "The pampering you get as a movie star, let alone as a child star, tends to dull your awareness of the sensitivities of other people," he says. It takes time to come out of this cloud of super-induced self-indulgence, but Mickey has made it.

How else has he changed? For one thing, the once-egotistical Mickey (some of his show business friends may be surprised to know) has learned to give credit where credit is due. After his wow performance as *Pinocchio* for NBC-TV, he wrote a letter to the stage designer of the



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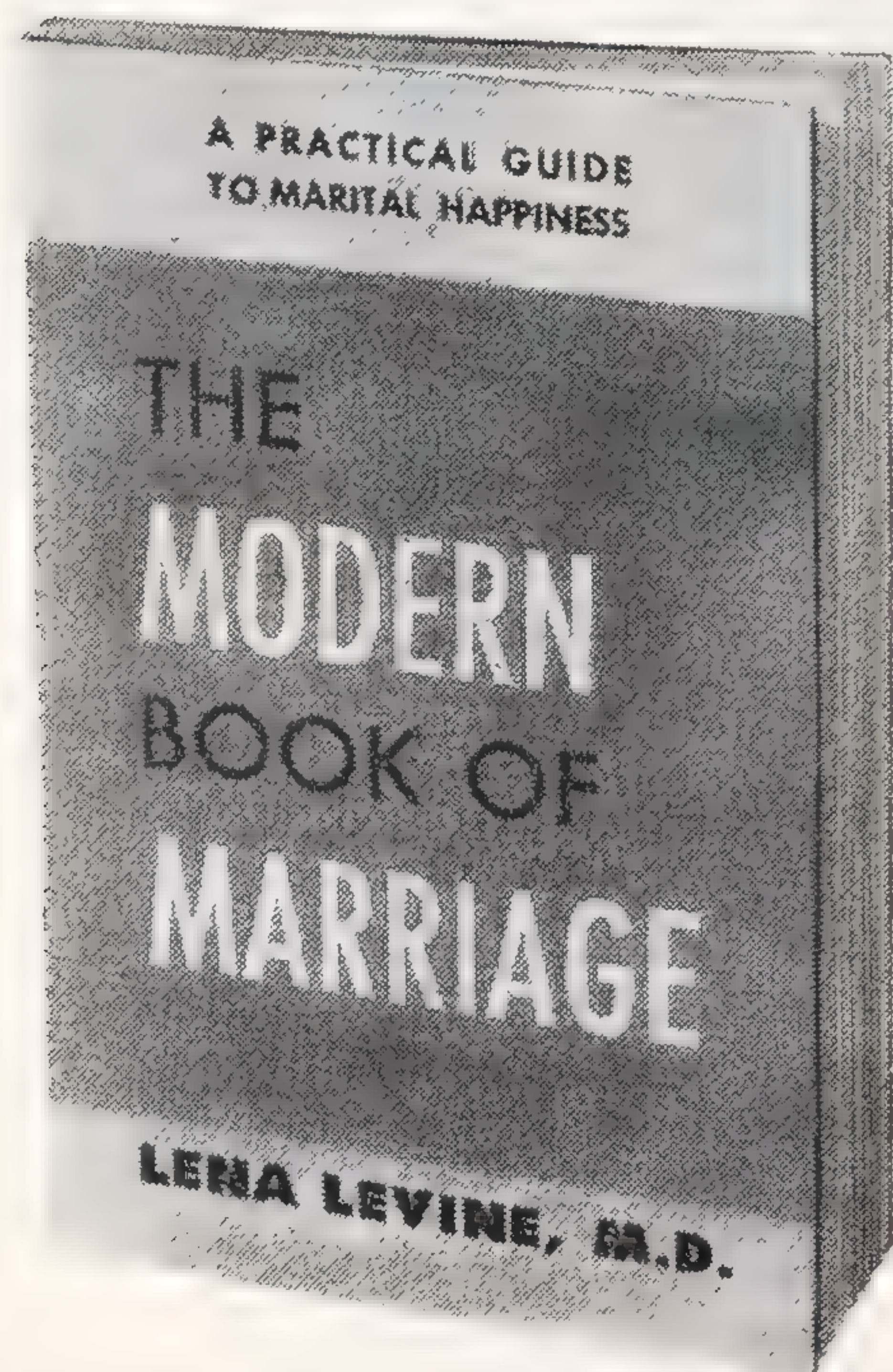


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spectacular, Yasha Frank, that so moved
the man that he sat down and burst into
tears of gratitude.

Up to the time he hit in "The Comedian"
last winter, and the hits that have followed
it, Mickey had had ten lean years; not
lean in money, but lean in prestige, in
professional satisfaction. "I'm low," he
would go around moaning.

"Mickey wants to be wanted," his mana-
ger had to explain to people who asked
about Mickey's weebegone attitude. Even
after his television smash, oddly enough,
Mickey found that he still wanted to be

wanted. Not as an actor, but as has be-
come pretty evident, as the person he is
in real life. That's why he has never
wanted his fourth marriage to Elaine, to
break up. That would be too much like
the story of the old Mickey. That's why
today he wants to stop acting—and stop
being just a public figurehead . . . all hol-
low inside. . . .

For Mickey knows that to be a public
hero doesn't always translate into terms
of personal happiness. For that, frankly,
he is still looking ahead—but this time
with definite plans in mind. THE END

WHY SHIRLEY CAME BACK

Continued from page 58

Shirley herself wasn't old enough to
know what she was doing when she started
her career; she was four, a cuddlesome
tot who could crinkle smiles out of her
eyes and had her blond hair (now gone
dark) brushed into a mop of curls—as
many as fifty. When she was earning
as much as a quarter-million dollars
a year, and credited with saving her
studio, Fox, from bankruptcy, she would
proudly display a nickel someone had
given her for being "a good little girl."
Her father was a bank clerk, her mother
a hard-working housewife who already
had two sons, Jack, twelve, and George,
eight, when Shirley was born on April 23,
1928. But as thin as the family bank ac-
count was, Shirley's mother gave her
dancing lessons as soon as she could walk.
It was at a small Santa Monica dancing
academy that she was found and selected
to play in some short films known as the
"Baby Burlesk" series. In themselves un-
important, these pictures nevertheless
were a showcase for Shirley and led to
her being signed to sing the now famous
"Baby, Take a Bow" number with James
Dunn in Fox's "Stand Up and Cheer." One
song and dance number, one little
golden bouquet of a girl dimpling prettily,
and the studio's earning capacity went up
into the millions. Its bankers were satis-
fied and the dazed studio heads converted
from potential failures into geniuses over-
night.

It is probably of some significance that
during the next nine years, which saw
Shirley as the most fabulously successful
starlet of her time, she made no close
friendships which seem to have endured to
this day; when she traveled to Hollywood
for her first talks about her new televi-
sion show a few months ago she went to
no one's home to stay. She engaged a suite
at the Beverly Hills Hotel. She might
have gone to her parents' home in West
Hollywood, but they were in the process
of selling it and buying another one in
Palm Springs.

This doesn't mean that she wasn't—or
isn't yet, for that matter—popular with
the Hollywood people with whom she
worked and associated during her star-
dom. Half the personnel at the Screen
Gems studios in Hollywood, where her TV
series is to be filmed, gathered around her
when she dropped in last November. They
had worked with her in the old days on
one film or another and she remembered
them all.

From her first days as a child actress
Shirley had been taught to be polite and
considerate of everyone in the studio, from
laborer to producer. And it was no hard-
ship for her to comply because she liked
people. Even more, she had an irrepres-
sible love of the mischievous which ap-
pealed to everyone because it revealed her

for what she really was, just a warm little
girl who didn't know she was also an
exalted little princess. In those days Shir-
ley would rather busy herself any time in
some prank than pose demurely alongside
some illustrious visitor to the studio. But
pose she would, dutifully, while behind
her seraphic little face her mind was
cudgeling up some other idea with which
to tease her "playmates."

But when one picture was finished and
another started, there would be a newset
of playmates; a new shooting crew, new
co-stars to work with, a new director,
perhaps, to take her on his knee and ex-
plain gently what he wanted her to do in
a forthcoming scene. So most of her
friendships were transitory, existing today
and ending tomorrow; certainly not the
most ideal form of social development for
a child, and most professional children
don't come through it unscathed.

And this, therefore, is the miracle of
Shirley Temple: She wanted an enriching
permanency in human relations rather
than an ego-inflating type, and she has
found it in her second marriage, in moth-
erhood, and in her participation in com-
munity activities.

Shirley was married to Charles Black,
son of the president of a Northern Cali-
fornia utility company, in 1950, a year
after her divorce from John Agar, Jr.
Black is now head of business administra-
tion for the Stanford Research Institute in
Menlo Park, California. They built a
Japanese Modern home of a style known
as "Pacific," in Atherton, about a forty-
minute car ride south of San Francisco
on its famed "Peninsula." Shirley deco-
rated it herself, as she has the homes of
a number of friends in Atherton. It is a
kind of work she loves so much that she
once took it up seriously to the extent of
devoting one day a week to it in associa-
tion with a local shop.

Not only are her furnishings of modern
Oriental design to match her home, but
at a given signal she and all her three
children, Lori, Linda Susan who is nearly
ten (John Agar's daughter), and Charles
Jr., five, can don Japanese robes and blend
with the general decor. The children love
this "dressing up," Shirley knows, just as
she loved her fancy costumes when she
was a little girl.

In this home, from which Shirley does
not wish to get too far away, she is no
mistress who sits back and confines her
duties to giving her maid instructions.
She works. She helps cook and clean,
does the fetching and putting away that
make up the management of house affairs
for the average wife.

"I do it for two reasons," she has said.
"I like it and my family likes it. The
home seems to be warmer to them because
what is done in it has been done a great
deal by me personally. I think everyone
wants their lives to mean something, and
in this way I get recognition of one kind
for mine."

That this role is high in her conscious-
ness was evident in the trips she had to
make to Hollywood to discuss and pre-
pare for her NBC presentation. When she

could she brought her children along. When her husband could get away from his business he would accompany her. When circumstances found them apart on the eve of their seventh or "copper" anniversary she cancelled a business engagement to give her time to search for an appropriate gift for him. What she settled for was a lucky penny which she ordered mounted in a cigarette-lighter inscribed to him.

And Shirley makes her attitude very clear: "The second my husband is irritated by my working," says she, "I will stop."

Like most actresses Shirley has a fondness for mementoes—values them as a means of recalling favorite phases of her career. One she is especially fond of is a gold police badge with inserted diamond which was given to her by the late Bill Robinson when they worked together in one of her biggest hits, "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." Shirley had tin replicas made of the badge (tin was just another metal to her and not necessarily cheaper than gold) and handed them to everyone around the set, including, one day, a visitor by the name of J. Edgar Hoover. Years later, when she happened to visit the famous FBI chief in his Washington office (by then she was a teenaged young lady), he greeted her with the same tin badge pinned to his lapel. Shirley still knows Hoover, but not as well as her oldest brother Jack; Jack works for him now.

Money, according to Shirley, is not the motivation behind her partial return to public life, and since she was a millionaire from her own earnings before she was twelve, when she first retired, her words can only ring true. What interested her mainly was a chance to help present the beloved fairy tale classics which will make up the content of her program, and the opportunity to add to the charity and welfare work in which she became interested after her marriage to Black. In and around Atherton, Shirley is a member of a number of committees of women interested in helping the mentally retarded, the hospitalized servicemen and other handicapped people.

But friends and old time Hollywood acquaintances list another reason why Shirley has agreed to perform again . . . a purely feminine one and, in this case, understandably prideful. Quite a number of her old movies, including "Heidi," "Wee Willie Winkie," "Captain January," and "Rebecca of Sunybrook Farm" have been released to television and she was being seen by millions of people as she was—not as she is.

"She couldn't resist bringing herself up to date publicly," was the way her friends explained it.

And that, they claim, is why a twinkly-eyed girl, who captured the heart of the world once as a blond little charmer, is before it again—this time as a dashing brunette.

But maybe there is still a fourth reason. At the time of her divorce from Agar she was quoted as being so unhappy that she would take long drives alone along the Pacific Ocean and feel like hurtling her car over the cliff. A happiness come by after such an ordeal is a cherished one. Shirley Temple could want everyone to know this is her real victory. THE END

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By Valda Sherman



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I'M ALWAYS IN LOVE

Continued from page 42

have children, but I'm not going to grab a man by the coatsleeves and say, "Let's get married and raise a family." First the man must be right.

Today in Hollywood I go out with five different men, whose names I'd rather not divulge. None of them are dating me for publicity purposes, and if I told you who they are they might stop calling me. I'm not serious about any of them—otherwise," she said with a wry smile, "I wouldn't go out with five men.

"There have been times when I hoped I was headed for a serious romance, but so far I haven't met the right man. Meantime, I have a lot of fun going out with the wrong ones—wrong from the point of view of matrimony, that is.

"As a matter of fact, it sometimes seems to me that I have a talent for choosing men who aren't right for me. Once I almost fell in love with a man who was married to someone else. When I learned he was married, I gave him up quickly.

"Even the man in Paris wasn't right for me. He was what I call a flitterer—a man who flits from one girl to another. I approve of a woman being a flitterer, but I don't like that trait in a man. The man in Paris was handsome and very popular with girls. They couldn't resist him, and he couldn't resist them. Perhaps if I had known how hard it was for him to settle his attentions on any one girl, I wouldn't have thrown away the fifty-dollar hat.

"Another type I can't stand is the man who gets irritated if we're having dinner and kids rush up for my autograph. Right away the balloon deflates, and I feel he isn't for me. If a man doesn't like me well enough to accept all the things that go with my work, including whatever fame I've achieved, he isn't the one for me.

"My religion is a serious consideration. The Catholic religion doesn't take a light view of the marriage sacrament. As a Catholic, I would never marry with the idea 'If this doesn't work I'll get out of it.'

"Before I ever marry, I must feel confident in my own mind that, come what may, my husband and I will always consider our marriage a holy sacrament. Once I was in love with a man that I might have married—if it hadn't been for our religious differences. We couldn't work them out.

"Meantime," Gisele said cheerfully, "I date a lot. Almost every night, in fact. I'd heard that there were lots more women than men in Hollywood, that there are many lonely women here. But I've been very lucky. Perhaps it's because I'm the new girl in town—my phone is always ringing. When I'm not working, I'm always on the go. In New York, there were some evenings when I read, cooked dinner for myself and lazily watched television; but in Hollywood, I've had no nights to spend alone. And I love it. I'm a night owl. I love to stay up late and have fun. There have been lots of parties, plenty of dancing, lots of excitement.

"Otherwise I do almost exactly the same kind of things in Hollywood as in New York, but I like California better. I'm a great nature-lover, and there's an awful lot of nature here. I'm a fresh-air fiend. I live in a house on a hill with a beautiful view and flowers all around. I especially love the weather in California, even the rain! It makes everything look so fresh afterwards."

Though Gisele says she is not in love with anyone at the present time, she has had a lot of love affairs in her life. "Only a few of them have had anything to do

with the opposite sex, though," she says with a broad smile. "My first love affair was with a piano, when I was about three years old."

Gisele La Fleche (that's her real name) was born in Winnipeg, Canada, the daughter of a surgeon who played the violin as a hobby. Her mother played the organ and was a singer. From both of them, Gisele inherited the gift of perfect pitch, and from her mother she learned to read music by the time she was three.

Gisele loved the piano, but after a while her mother felt that it would be very nice indeed if two of the La Fleche girls did a musical sister act, with an older daughter playing the piano and Gisele the violin.

"One day she tucked a fiddle under my chin," Gisele laughs, "and soon I was going steady with my surgeon father's favorite non-surgical instrument, the violin.

"One day, perhaps in the hope of turning this love affair into a permanent romance, my parents spent \$3,000, which they had saved through all kinds of sacrifices, for a beautiful Ceruti violin. When they gave it to me, I prayed to God that I would be worthy of their faith in me."

When Gisele was fourteen, she was quite mature for her age (and talented). The family decided that she ought to go to the Royal Conservatory in Toronto, though it was 1,500 miles from home. Accustomed to the security of a large, happy family (Gisele has two older sisters and two brothers), she couldn't bear the thought of leaving them.

Dismayed, frightened, wishing she could turn back, Gisele got on the train to Toronto, for what seemed an unendurable trip. With a pounding heart, she looked at the Catholic girls' home in which she was to live. Compared to her own large, sunny room at home, her new room seemed to her the size of a shoe box.

"I felt awful. I was so desolate I didn't unpack for six months. There were times when I wished I were dead. I felt like an orphan. And yet that experience, which hurt me so much at the time, was probably the best thing that ever happened to me. I couldn't feel sheltered any more, as I had at home. I met a lot of people, none of whom knew me. I knew that if I didn't make them like me, I'd be completely isolated.

"Of course, there were times when I wallowed in self-pity, times when I itched for the security of home and family. Because I was 1,500 miles away and my family had already made many financial sacrifices for me, they couldn't afford to visit me often. I was on my own and I hated it. I hated it, that is, for two years.

"Then I was sixteen. One morning I said to myself, 'I'm all by myself in a great big city. I'm going to wear lipstick and go out with boys.' Shortly afterwards, I put on lipstick and went out on a double date. It wasn't bad. In fact, it was wonderful. I found that I could hold my own when I had to."

At parties, Gisele sang and played the piano. Though she had to wear the same clothes over and over again, she still stood out in any crowd. One day during World War II, she agreed to sing for a crowd of sailors at the naval barracks. When she had finished, a young lieutenant came up to her and said, "I like your style. People have fun when they listen to you."

A year later, she saw the young lieutenant again. Now he was an ex-lieutenant, and the name Robert Shuttleworth was on his office door. He had become a bandleader who booked musical talent for various shows. He asked her to sing with his band. She sang and as time went on she fell out of love with the violin and in love with her new steady, singing.

Finally, Bob Shuttleworth arranged an audition that led to a radio program, "Meet Gisele." But she was upset by the fact that her parents didn't approve of her singing popular songs. They wanted her to start on a career as a concert violinist.

The conflict soon made her ill. Finally her doctor, who knew her illness was psychosomatic, marched her to the phone and said, "Tell your mother about your boils. Tell her that you've been tearing yourself apart trying to be what she wanted you to be. Tell her that if she wants you to be happy she must let you do what you want, with her blessing."

So she did, and her mother wept, and then blessed her.

Gisele played night-club dates, did radio shows and eventually made "The Hit Parade." She had slimmed down, and learned how to dress, and her buoyant personality, along with her vibrant voice, made her the hit of the program.

Her versatility attracted plenty of offers to star in her own TV show. Hesitant at first, Gisele took the plunge last fall and scored a brilliant personal hit.

This brought her to Hollywood and an exciting new life. She lives in a compact home on a hill in Beverly Hills and every morning she admires the view and luxuriates in happiness. When she first looked at the house, the living room was dark green—a color that made her feel "itchy," as she says. Whenever anything makes Gisele feel itchy, she does something about it. In this case, she painted the living room a cheerful light beige.

But she still has the keys to her beautiful apartment in New York, which she decorated herself. Generous with her friends, she gives the keys—while she's in Hollywood—to any friends who happen to be going East.

In Hollywood, Gisele works like mad five days a week. She has Sundays and Mondays off. "On Sunday I fall apart. I sleep, cook, just goof off, sit on the porch and read newspapers, or go sailing with

friends. I also love to go driving. My date and I take my two long-haired dachshunds, Wolfe and Bruna, and off we go, usually for a drive along the ocean."

Although she is extremely happy about her life in Hollywood, she misses her friends on "The Hit Parade." She had a lot of pals in the group, not so much the other stars as the dancers and vocalists. But she's made friends here. Closest ones are Paula Kelly and Hal Dickenson (singers in The Modernaires), Axel and June Stordahl and the wonderful Jack and Mary Benny.

Gisele loves to entertain small groups for dinner, people who appreciate gourmet cookery. Her fried chicken, she admits happily, is pretty elegant. She makes it with lots of herbs and an Italian rice topped with cheddar cheese. She enjoys domestic things—even cleaning the house, making her own bed and washing dishes. She admits, however, that she hates to sweep.

She whips around Hollywood in a bright red Edsel which was given her when she appeared on "This Is Your Life." (Though surprised and touched, she refused to shed the conventional tears on that show.) One day when she drove out of the garage, she couldn't get the top of the car down. She got out and wigwagged for help. A young man stopped his car and said, "You're Gisele MacKenzie, aren't you?"

"Yes."
"Well, I'm from Winnipeg, too. We Winnipeg men have to take care of Winnipeg girls. What's wrong?" And he fixed the car for her.

Not only the man from Winnipeg but men from all over the world seem to feel that they have to take care of this particular Winnipeg girl.

No wonder she says, "I'm not afraid that I won't get married. My parents may look on me as a spinster, but I know I'm not. I feel that I have all the right instincts that lead to getting married. Some day the wedding bells will ring for me. But not yet." THE END

KING OF HEARTS

Continued from page 27

theory to its logical conclusion, they must also represent eight types into which most men can be classified. So, girls, want to know whether you're right for your Valentine, and he's right for you? And, fellows, want to peg your type to improve your effect on the ladies? C'mon, give Cupid a hand—look and learn:

ELVIS PRESLEY: THE REBEL. He's uninhibited, colorful, an individual who acts and talks as he feels and lets the chips fall where they may. He's the present-day counterpart of yesterday's Flaming Youth—the sensitive young man with a driving need for self-expression that is raw, wild, untutored and undisciplined—but, as in the case of Elvis, can be wonderfully inspired and exciting. (If you've seen him in "Jailhouse Rock" you know what we mean.) It has enabled Elvis to accomplish, by intuition, what many seasoned performers can't learn in a lifetime. Elvis has been accused of being the model of his wild, black-leather-jacketed brethren; actually the reverse is true. Elvis is akin to them. But instead of pouring his unbridled energy into delinquent pranks, he pours it into music, and with his polite manners, distaste for drinking, smoking and swearing, and devotion to his parents, sets them a good example. The Wild Ones—and they're a definite type today—can benefit from it. And, if you're a girl who

goes for the rock 'n' roll Romeos, you'd be wise to look for the same qualities, and settle for nothing less.

RICK NELSON: THE BOY-NEXT-DOOR. Not as colorful or violently exciting as the Rebel, he's a big winner in his own way. Wholesome and refreshing as a strawberry soda, he's the kind of boy any girl would be proud to bring home to mother. There are lots of Rick Nelsons around—good boys, hard-working and sincere, who are brought up in good homes and destined to follow in their fathers' footsteps. They're good future citizens—and husbands, although, like Rick, they're smart enough to know they're too young for marriage, which is a responsibility they'd take as seriously as their own parents. What made Rick different from his fellows is the fact that his parents happen to be Ozzie and Harriet Nelson, his chosen career, naturally, show business via their ABC-TV show, "The Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet." Given that sendoff, plus a fine voice and that boy-next-door charm that makes him the ideal of all those nice girls-next-door, he couldn't miss.

ROCK HUDSON: THE QUIET MAN. He's a man of a few words, but it's no weakness. Rather, he doesn't say anything unless it's worth saying—and he means it. In movies—his latest, 20th's "A Farewell to Arms," U-I's "Twilight for the Gods"—he's the strong, stalwart type. He's the man who, above all, can always be relied upon—and what woman, particularly if she's a clinging-vine who needs to be pro-

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ted and cherished—doesn't want this strength to lean upon? Physically, like Rock, he's usually a big man, powerful and muscular. And usually, like Rock, he's self-conscious about his size, and somewhat shy because of it. But that very shyness makes him all the more attractive to women, especially those who are also shy and who, like him, prefer a quiet evening at home to noisy night life.

PAT BOONE: THE COLLEGE MAN. Today's campus boys, like Pat, are no rah-rah collegiates. Like young (twenty-three) Mr. Boone, they're often already married and fathers (Pat's fourth youngster is due to arrive any day). With the great demand for specialized knowledge today, they're out to equip themselves to meet the challenge. Like deeply religious Pat, they're out to meet another challenge, too—the need for stronger spiritual values—by being active in church work. Pat, who's majoring in Speech at Columbia University, where he's due to get his degree—and probably a Phi Beta Kappa key—soon, still aims to be a teacher. But since sensational show business success, as star of 20th's "April Love" and the ABC-TV show, "Pat Boone's Chevy Showroom," and record success have come along, Pat feels that he does have an opportunity to do "a kind of teaching" by trying to exemplify his high ideals to young people in his public life. Any girl lucky enough to have a beau like Pat—and there are some around—would, like his Shirley, have to be a sweet homebody who shares those high ideals, too.

CARY GRANT: THE SOPHISTICATE. He's oh-so-handsome! But it's not Cary's looks that account for the fact that, at fifty-three, he can still enchant more ladies than many a younger man. What's the answer? Charm. The kind of charm that Cary, and the very small, select group of rare males like him, have isn't easily come by. It consists of genuine warmth, a natural, clever wit, a sharp mind that is never content with anything less than the best, be it food, clothes, books, music, conversation—or a wife. A man like Cary is also the soul of gallantry—remember the masterful way he protected the stricken Ingrid Bergman from onslaughts of reporters when she arrived in London to make "Indiscreet" with him after the breakup with Rossellini? And remember the time Cary made the startling statement: "I'd like to see a woman President of the United States. Women," he went on, "couldn't make more of a mess of the world than men have done."—Well, just how gallant can this charming man be? Yes, such men are few, and hard to capture. But they're well worth the trouble.

PERRY COMO: THE NICE GUY. People in show business—and the audiences who eat up his NBC-TV "Perry Como Show"—think there's just nobody like Perry. And, in a sense, there isn't, for he's one person who remains completely untouched by his fabulous fame and wealth. But in another sense, it is not true, because Perry's great appeal lies in the fact that he is Mr. Everyman—the fellow who has found that the secret of real happiness is in the simple life—a game of golf, watching TV, enjoying his friends and his family. Perry's wife, Roselle, who refuses to "put on airs" and even insists on doing her own housework, despite his protests, is the perfect mate for him, and a wonderful mother to son Ronnie, adopted tots David and Terri (the Comos hope to adopt another child soon). But she's just as adept at taking part in the civic and charity affairs close to their hearts, too. Had Perry never left that barbershop in

Canonsburg, Pa., he'd undoubtedly live the same kind of life, and be the same kind of thoroughly nice person. So look around for a guy everybody likes, who's always kind and never has a bad word to say about anybody—there may be a Perry Como in your town! Why not take a look?

JERRY LEWIS: THE COMEDIAN. Wouldn't life be awfully dull without him? He's the life of the party, the continual cut-up, who can be counted on to beat the blues. He can be as moody as anyone—sometimes more so, because his sensitive spirit can fall just as low as it can soar high above everyone else's. But give him an audience, and he's in his element. The girl who loves him, like Jerry's Patti, will have to understand this, and give him the steady, patient balance he needs. But she'll be greatly rewarded, too, with the rich gifts of warmth and laughter. Born entertainers like Jerry may not always be as gifted, or as successful (his earnings topped four million last year, he's going strong with NBC-TV shows, and a new movie for Hal Wallis, "Rock-a-bye Baby" coming up). But, like him, they are rich in the knowledge that giving of themselves to help others is the greatest success.

HUGH O'BRIAN: THE RUGGED ROMANTIC. All kinds of explanations have been offered for Hugh's phenomenal hit on ABC-TV in "The Life and Legend of Wyatt Earp," which led to a contract for four starring movies with 20th Century-Fox. Some say it's the way he walks. Others say it's his sharp, distinctive outfit—the black hat, the fancy vests. Still others say it's his dark good looks, his dancer's grace. It's much more than that. Hugh is athletic, good-looking, graceful, to be sure, but what fascinates the femmes is the fact that he is a romantic figure. Romantic in the true sense of old-world courtliness and polished manners—the two-fisted fellow who, nevertheless, is a gentleman to the core. He puts women on a pedestal—and how they love it! "Mother and father had a very happy marriage," he says, "until the death of my mother, and when I marry it will be for keeps." True to type, Hugh's looking for a sweet girl, the old-fashioned kind who'll be the same kind of wife his own mother was to his dad for so many years. The kind of girl all these all-too-rare romantic gentlemen are looking for. Anybody qualify?

WHO'S WHOSE

If you filled in the chart on page 31, here's the key to which type of dream man you should set your cap for: If you're the jivy motorcycle rider, the Rebel is for you; the girl who likes milk shakes and movie dates—Boy Next Door; shy violet—Quiet Man; church-going homebody—College Man; dazzle dish—Sophisticate; suburbanite — Nice Guy; strong with sense of humor —Comedian; girl who's given up career—Rugged Romantic.

BRIEF REVIEWS

✓✓✓✓ EXCELLENT ✓✓✓ VERY GOOD ✓✓ GOOD ✓ FAIR A—ADULTS F—FAMILY

For fuller reviews, see Photoplay for the months indicated. Full reviews this month—see contents page.

✓✓ ALL MINE TO GIVE—U-I, Technicolor: Sentimental story with a crew of enchanting kids led by Rex Thompson, who becomes head of the family when parents Cameron Mitchell and Glynis Johns die. (F) February

✓✓✓✓ BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI, THE—Columbia; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Powerful, tension-filled. Escaped from a Jap prison camp, Bill Holden returns with Jack Hawkins to oppose Alec Guinness' strange project. (F) February

✓✓✓✓ DON'T GO NEAR THE WATER—M-G-M; CinemaScope, Metrocolor: Vastly amusing comedy about Navy public-relations men sitting out the war on a South Sea island. Glenn Ford courts native Gia Scala; sailor Earl Holliman is in love with nurse Anne Francis. (F) January

✓✓✓✓ ENEMY BELOW, THE—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Stirring adventure of World War II centers on a duel between U. S. Navy skipper Bob Mitchum and his unseen foe, U-boat captain Curt Jurgens. (F) February

✓✓✓ ESCAPE IN JAPAN—U-I; Technirama, Technicolor: Appealing family-style film, shot in Japan. As young son of Americans Teresa Wright and Cameron Mitchell, Jon Provost goes on the lam with a Japanese buddy. (F) December

✓✓✓ KISS THEM FOR ME—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Gay romp with Cary Grant and Navy Air Force pals, on a bender in wartime San Francisco. Cary's light romance with luscious Suzy Parker turns serious. (A) January

✓✓✓✓ LES GIRLS—M-G-M; CinemaScope, Metrocolor: Dazzling musical, sly and spectacular, sophisticated and hilarious. Just what *did* happen with Gene Kelly and his "girls"? They are partners in his Europe-touring revue: Kay Kendall, Mitzi Gaynor, Taina Elg. (A) December

✓✓✓ MAN IN THE SHADOW—U-I: Straight-forward western, set in the present day. Deputy sheriff Jeff Chandler tries to smash the power of cattle baron Orson Welles. (F) February

✓✓✓ MY MAN GODFREY—U-I; CinemaScope, Eastman Color: David Niven's suave performance highlights a screwball comedy. As an elegant tramp, he becomes butler in the home of rich, eccentric June Allyson. (F) January

✓✓✓✓ OLD YELLER—Buena Vista, Technicolor: Exciting, realistic story of a pioneer family. When dad Fess Parker must leave wife Dorothy McGuire and two sons, Tommy Kirk minds the farm—with the help of a courageous mongrel. (F) February

✓✓✓✓ OPERATION MAD BALL—Columbia: Wonderfully wacky farce set at a postwar U. S. Army base in France. GI Jack Lemmon's schemes for a romantic party are opposed by Ernie Kovacs, but saved by Mickey Rooney. (F) December

✓✓✓ PAL JOEY—Columbia, Technicolor: Unusual tune-film spotlights the many-talented Frank Sinatra, playing an opportunistic night-club entertainer who woos Rita Hayworth for her money, Kim Novak for herself. (A) January

✓✓✓✓ PEYTON PLACE—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Outspoken but tasteful and warmly emotional. Lana Turner, Hope Lange, Diane Varsi stand out in this closeup of crisscrossing lives in a New England town. (A) February

✓✓✓ SAD SACK, THE—Paramount, VistaVision: Jerry Lewis scores a good quota of laughs, as a well-meaning Army misfit. WAC psychiatrist Phyllis Kirk and "pal" David Wayne try to make a soldier of Jerry. (F) January

✓✓✓✓ SAYONARA—Warners; Technirama, Technicolor: Powerful, visually beautiful drama of love across racial barriers. U. S. flyer Marlon Brando, in Tokyo, falls in love with Miiko Taka, dedicated actress. (A) December

✓✓ TARNISHED ANGELS, THE—U-I: Sensational yarn of depression times. As an alcoholic reporter, Rock Hudson is fascinated by the rootless existence of Bob Stack and wife Dorothy Malone, an air-stunt team. (A) February



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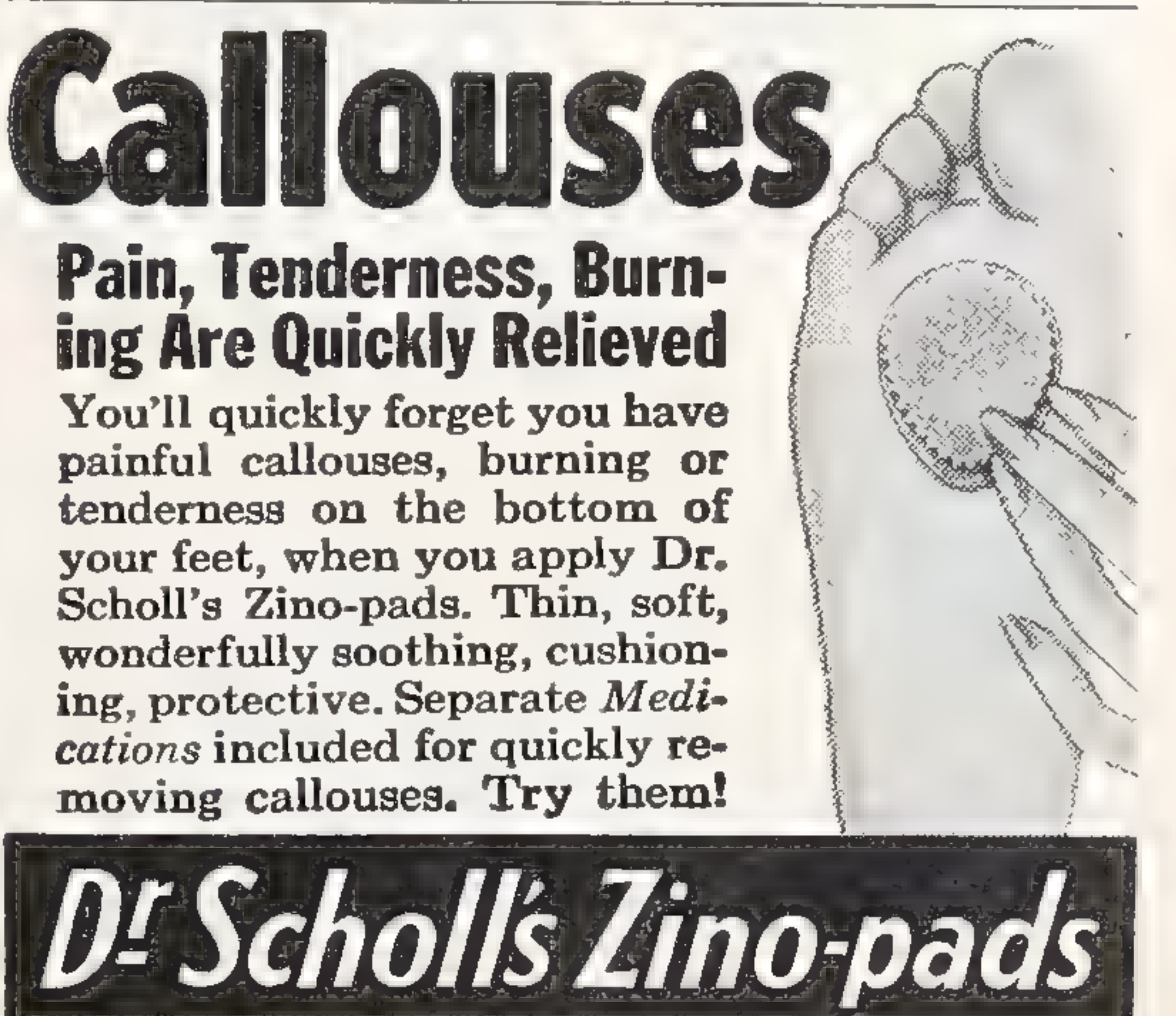
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SHE'S GOT A SECRET

Continued from page 53

portant for her was to be loved and accepted—as a singer, yes, but even more, as a woman. And in a business where too many talented girls pay for success at the cost of a personal life, Dinah's never gotten confused.

You've heard Hollywood star after Hollywood star say that if her marriage was ever threatened, she'd give up her career. "My marriage comes first." Dinah's the one who's never had to say it—she's lived it. She hasn't given up her career. *But her marriage and its necessities have molded that career.*

Dinah today could be a big star on Broadway or in the movies. The same warmth, friendliness and outgoing radiance that regularly enchant fifty million viewers would make her a top box office attraction anywhere. But Dinah couldn't be a stage star or a movie star and still be happily married to George. There isn't time. He works in Hollywood, Broadway is three thousand miles away. Dinah's never even considered it.

The luckiest thing that ever happened, Dinah says, is her "failure" in movies but the fact is that Dinah never tried for a movie career. And isn't that really because of a disinclination to compete? How many professional marriages have been broken by a fierce competition?

The luckiest thing, perhaps, is that Dinah had already known the sweet smell of success before she'd met George, from the time she introduced "Yes My Darling Daughter" on the Cantor Show and was a hit overnight. But success isn't enough for a woman. It's lonely. It can be frantic.

"Before I married George I was scurrying around in a dozen different directions at sixty miles an hour. I was living from day to day. The only thing of importance was tomorrow's show. Getting married made me stop and think about the day after tomorrow. I began looking at things from a long-range point of view, planning a career instead of making an omelet out of it. I was really burning myself out. If I hadn't married George I honestly think I'd have been all washed up in another year or two. I still live for today but now there's a purpose behind it. I know what I'm doing and why I'm doing it. Missy, our nine-year-old daughter and Jody, our three-year-old son, are the center of our life."

One of Dinah's charms is that she's never been a driving woman. She hasn't had to be. There's strength behind her, strength to lean on. George is the decision maker, a frank direct man, "so different from me. If four words will do, he doesn't use five. Know what I mean? And intensely creative. In this world there are people who can write the songs and some who can sing 'em. George is the composer, the organizer, the producer. You saw it in his first movie production, 'Black Patch.' You'll see it in all his George Montgomery Productions. He's the desert island sort of fella, efficient and self-sufficient."

You wonder where this solid security comes from? Let Dinah tell you about his background: "It was only the roughest. His father homesteaded in the worst part of Montana and lost that homestead in the coldest winter on record. And there were fifteen children to feed. Between bronchial attacks, George's father dug ditches for the WPA. Afternoons after school, George would take his dad's place digging. His mother had faith, she prayed. George would watch her dropping fifty

cents in the collection box and he'd calculate just how many potatoes that could have meant for the week."

Out of this environment came strength. He's no dreamer, George Montgomery, and Hollywood was never fairyland. His brother Mike was working in Hollywood, saw a lot of westerns and thought, very realistically, "None of those western heroes can ride like my kid brother. That's how it happened. He got George a job in a bar where all the kid had to do was pump beer (no drinker, even today George has only to smell beer to get a glazed look). Within a week, George was riding a horse down a flight of stairs in Garbo's "Mme. Waleswska."

By the time Dinah came to Hollywood with the Cantor show, George was a star, a handsome heartthrob, much pursued by the top ladies of the films. Dinah had seen one of his pictures six times and was dying to know him. He was having a highly publicized romance with Hedy Lamarr and she wondered "How's he gonna get out of that for me?"

Then one Saturday night, a phone call from the Hollywood Canteen—could you work that night? Her nights were Monday and Friday but they were low on singers and . . . This was it. Stepping into a red skirt, she called to her roommate:

"Rufus, tonight I'm gonna meet George Montgomery!"

"Great," yelled back Rufus, "see if he has a brother for me."

Her hunch proved right. George was there, complete with a robust mustache he'd raised for his current picture with Betty Grable. He was munching a sandwich when they were introduced. Dinah's heart flipped. They talked, photographers flashed a few bulbs.

"Where are you going afterward?" George asked.

"Nowhere. Anywhere," Dinah said.

He didn't say anything more. Later another actor asked the same question, but she stuck it out, waiting for George.

"I took him right home, showed him to my roommates, sewed a button on his collar and we saw the town, places we've never been since: Players, the Mocambo, Ciro's, finally Armstrong Shroeder's. We talked about everything but show business, and finally got home at four a.m. (which isn't like either of us). At ten, the same morning, he showed up with a bunch of violets. He'd just taken his mother to church. It was all so wonderful, what the British call 'a piece of cake.'"

From the night they met, he never dated anyone else; but he didn't go overboard either. Dinah was just a kid. She tried her best to show him she wasn't a Hollywood girl. On his birthday she gave him a surprise party, the first birthday party he'd ever had. She cooked everything herself, baked a big cake and hoped for the best. He was being shipped out to an Army base next day. Before he said goodbye, he asked: "Will you wait for me, Dinah?"

It was the closest to a proposal he'd ever been and she almost swooned. Before she could answer, he said:

"You're not going to run around with a lot of people while I'm gone, are you?"

She stopped swooning. "May or may not," she said, "don't know yet."

Off he went to Alaska and lonely Dinah sat home waiting for letters. She didn't want to go anywhere with anyone. But one night Vic Mature phoned and took her to dinner. Vic was fun and she spent two pleasant evenings with him. But when she wrote about it to George . . .

"Imagine poor George sitting on an ice floe in Alaska reading about Vic Mature!" That did it. He wrote and proposed, but

he was shipped back before the letter could be delivered. There was a knock on the door at two a.m.

"Western Union," he said; but Dinah knew who it was. She just *knew*. She and her roommates trooped down to welcome George home and that night he did propose. He had a three-day pass and they'd go to Las Vegas Friday. That was it, the real thing, but suddenly Dinah remembered she had a Spanish lesson on Friday and a Command Performance on Saturday. George with his three-day pass was livid.

"That's right," he told the roommates, "she couldn't possibly go. She has a Spanish lesson and a Command Performance. We'll get married some other year!"

That Saturday after the Command Performance, they left for Vegas. With them: Cobina Wright, who's just had her baby, Dinah's roommates, Shirley Mitchell and Marian Ruth (Rufus), Paul Weston (who's now married to Jo Stafford), Alfred Crown, head of U.A. overseas distribution (now married to Rufus).

"I was crazy to marry George," Dinah says, "but I was scared and I'd never have gone to Las Vegas, if he hadn't taken over. Once we were on our way I was happy. I slept the whole day with my head on his shoulder. The minute we were married, and heading for home, George said, 'Honey, it's tough to drive this way.'"

The day they were married, a columnist wrote: "This idyllic romance—Dinah Shore and George Montgomery—is over." The next day another columnist wrote "We give this marriage six weeks."

In June, George had a two-week leave and they went up to his Montana ranch for a honeymoon. They didn't read the papers while they were in Montana—they were too busy. It was spring harvest, and Dinah replaced a sick sister-in-law, cooking for twenty harvest hands in an effort to show husband George he hadn't married a *Hollywood girl*.

"In this town you're guilty. You have to prove yourself," says Dinah. "No one can touch us now. We know what we want out of life. But without George, in the early days, I'd never have made it. It matters to me what people think. How people react to me affects how I react to them. . . ."

And there Miss Dinah puts her finger on the core of the matter. George Montgomery has given her the love, the security which she in turn gives back to the world. "I have a husband with a career of his own which means that he understands my career problems and can help me solve them. We have a togetherness in all our planning."

The biggest problem in any gal's career is a matter of time and energy. Her exuberance and endurance have become legend. As Bob Hope says: "Benzedrine takes Dinah!"

But Dinah laughs. "Don't you believe all those stories about my endurance. There are times I *am* tired, so tired I want to go home and stay with my family forever. But you lose yourself in front of people who want you. I sing and I'm not tired any more. Luckily, George knows I'm tired before I do."

With his help, she has learned to organize her time, drop the tournament tennis in favor of painting, cooking and photography which can be done at home, at her leisure, with the whole family participating. If you organize, if you anticipate the problems, you can relieve the tension and pressure that can change a happy singer into a desperate woman.

Dinah's day goes like this: up at 8:30 and to the kitchen where Missy has started breakfast. Dinah feeds the dogs, fixes Missy's lunch, and they're all eating

breakfast when the whistle sounds for Missy's school bus. There are lists of instructions for the cook, the secretaries, the nurse and Dinah is off for the studio. She rehearses the show with her troupe, some plugs for coming shows, joins in the band rehearsal, runs through the show without a camera. At noon, wardrobe fittings. She dashes in to show a bouffant evening dress to the band. Ticker says it's great. (Yes, Ticker Freeman, who first saw the possibilities of the "kolo," has been working with her for years.) Ticker she can rely on. He's just as likely to say no. Dinah has to choose her clothes with care; too feminine, and you offend the women in the audience, but the men like to know a girl's a girl. Her hair is shampooed and set, there's an interview for a magazine, an interview with a prospective nurse who seems competent enough but won't learn how to swim. Henry Rene of RCA comes over to discuss recording dates for a new album. And the color shot for the album. She nibbles a sandwich and hurries down the hall for a run-through for the camera. Dinah's a perfectionist. She rehearsed five dance routines before submitting one to Frank Sinatra when he was her guest. With her guest stars as with her troupe, she's careful never to be a domineering woman.

On the way home, she steers her Chevy up into the Hollywood hills where the new house is being built, where George is literally hand-building it. Today the white quartz fireplace is being laid, right in a wall of glass that will overlook the city (all the flues are hidden, underneath). A 9,000 square foot house with the dining room jutting out, glass on three sides and a sixty-foot avocado tree growing in the middle of it.

They go home together to the "old" house. Dinah gets Missy's clothes ready because she's going to Montana with Daddy to scout locations for a new picture. Dinah bathes Jody. Missy, jumping about the bathroom trips and almost falls.

"Oh my darling!" cries Dinah, running to her.

She sits down on the floor and takes her little girl on her lap. She understands Missy because she herself is a grownup Missy, needing to be secure and cared for, a woman who was once a little girl, a personality who is a woman first.

There's an old adage that marriage and careers don't mix. In Dinah's case, they not only mix—the one depends upon the other. She puts it simply: "I couldn't have a career without George. He makes it possible."

And this is Dinah Shore's secret: She's a woman first, a celebrity second. And the woman is a happy one. **THE END**

PHOTOGRAPHERS' CREDITS

Rock Hudson in color by Tom Caffrey, *Globe*; color of Elizabeth Taylor and Mike Todd, *Globe*; Tommy Sands and Dolores Hart color and black and white photographs, Bob Smith, *Black Star*; color portrait of Shirley Temple by Screen Gems; color and black and whites of Carol Lynley, Ray Solowinski; Rick Nelson in color, Mickey Rooney, James Garner and Venetia Stevenson photos, all Roger Marshutz.

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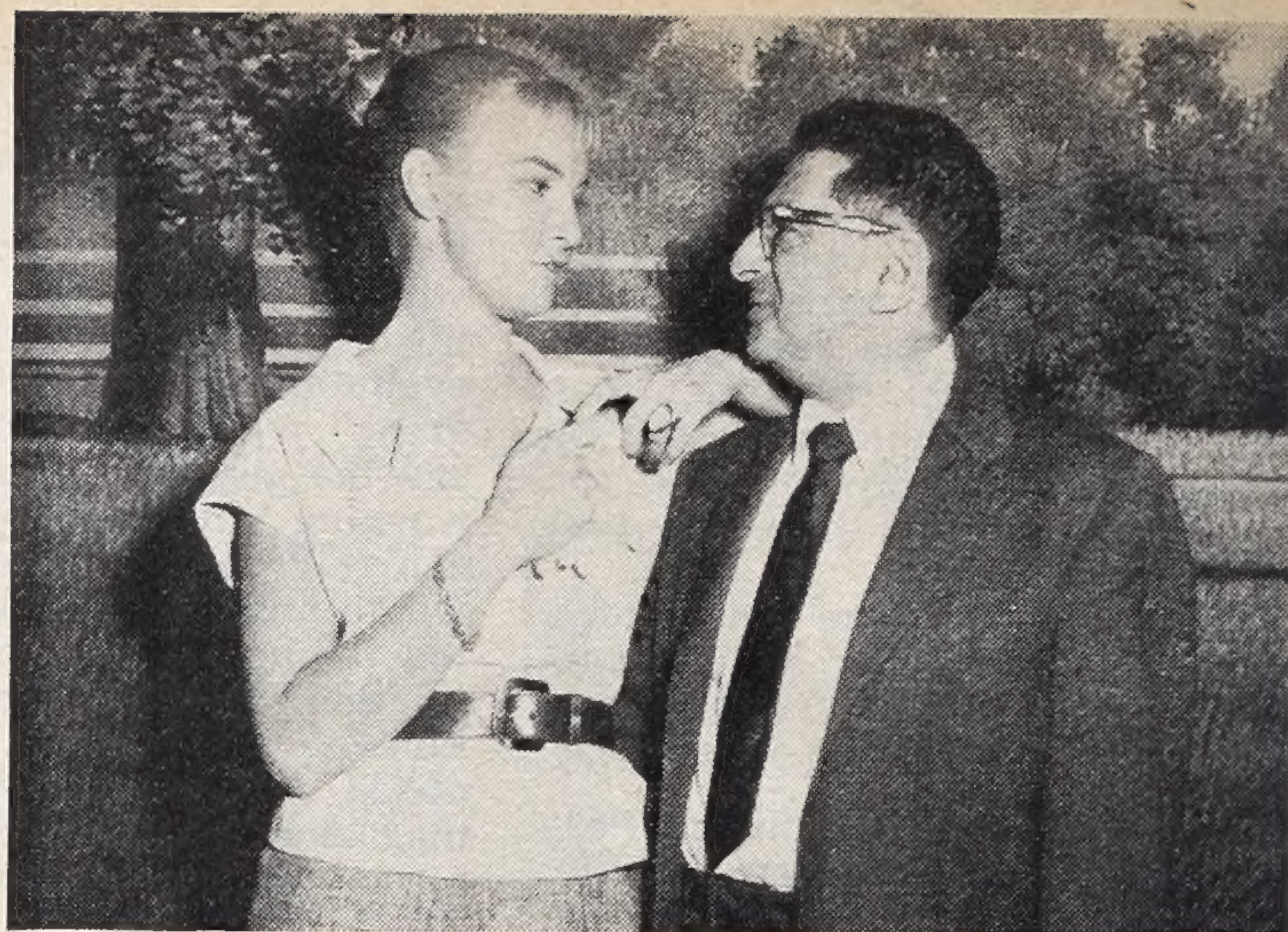
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THAT'S HOLLYWOOD FOR YOU

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY



Joanne Woodward, confiding in Sidney, admits the men in her life have always influenced her

I'm waiting for Elvis Presley to tell his children they shouldn't listen to the popular singer of the day because he's vulgar . . . Rock Hudson and Phyllis Gates Hudson haven't got Togetherness . . . Both Tony Perkins and Cary Grant would like to portray F. Scott Fitzgerald in a movie. Of the two, I'd prefer Grant for the role . . . I've never seen Venetia Stevenson in a moving picture, and I'm in no hurry . . . I'm anxious to see Judy Holliday in a new movie and I wish she'd hurry . . . Today's Hollywood: A place where the movie stars stay-at-home to watch themselves in a movie on TV instead of going to a theater to see another star.

Joanne Woodward admits that men always have influenced her . . . Tony Curtis always appears to be on his way to the delicatessen store . . . I have yet to buy anything an actor tries to sell in a TV commercial, including the actor . . . Natalie Wood and Bob Wagner seem like love cast by the man in the casting office . . . Why is it that actors who are making a trip to New York say they are going to New York, but the same actors returning to Hollywood say they are going to the Coast? . . . The style in movie youngsters has changed from Mickey (*Andy Hardy*) Rooney to Sal (*Rebel*) Mineo . . . Tommy Sands told me: "Money may not be everything, but it's great to have until you have everything."

Lassie is a male. He gets away with it better than "Charley's Aunt." . . . When Rita Hayworth loves you, she loves you "All The Way." . . . I often recognize the car of a movie star faster than I do the movie star . . . I think Kim Novak has taken too much of a beating about her acting . . . Earl Holliman always looks as if he's surprised by his success . . . Marlon Brando told me: "Some people make it sound as if you could be arrested if you don't win an Oscar."

I get the impression that Jayne Mansfield is now doing an impersonation of Jayne Mansfield . . . Best looking passport photograph I've seen belongs to Audrey Hepburn . . . Remember when Claudette Colbert selected her own cameraman and would allow only her good profile to be shown in closeups? Well, now Claudette appears on TV from all angles, and looks good, too . . . I like Kim Stanley more and more. She doesn't act like an actress except when she's working . . . Today's Hollywood: A place where fewer ac-

tors live beyond their means. Today, it's chic to be simple . . . Do you realize that more unknown actors became stars playing opposite a star actress than vice versa? You can list them from Clark Gable to Rock Hudson, if you wish . . . I wonder if Mike Todd and Liz Taylor are capable of taking a casual, relaxed stroll past Madison Square Garden.

Bob Mitchum and Curt Jurgens, co-stars of "The Enemy Below," didn't meet each other until the final day of filming for their only scene together in the picture . . . Marlon Brando and Monty Clift met often during the filming of "The Young Lions," but have only one scene together in the movie . . . Now I've heard it all. Mamie Van Doren says she wears those low cut gowns because they help her posture. In those gowns, one slouch could bring on trouble and the censors . . . I'm of the opinion that "There's no business like show business" because it's everybody's *other* business . . . Lucille Ball told me: "Ever since I said 'I do,' there are so many things we don't."

Hugh O'Brian didn't play cowboy and Indians when he was a youngster . . . I know Broadway is honky-tonk, but the street looks glamorous forty-five minutes from Broadway . . . Alec Guinness doesn't resemble the average man's idea of an actor . . . I've heard people object to Pat Boone because he's too wholesome . . . Sheree North's definition of television: Radio with eyestrain . . . Yul Brynner told me: "Intuition is the strange instinct that tells a woman she is right, whether she is or not."

I'd pick Anna Magnani instead of Sophia Loren for anything. You read right! . . . Ginger Rogers is the only actress I know who looks better today on live TV than she does in her old movies on TV . . . Glenn Ford doesn't drive one . . . Now when Piper Laurie receives flowers it's for her acting and not for eating . . . Today's Hollywood: A place where movie stars who have large followings also have hangers-on, because of their frantic avoidance of being alone . . . Before he plays every scene, Rossano Brazzi pounds his right fist into the palm of his left hand . . . At a party, June Allyson calls Dick Powell "Richard" and Powell calls June Allyson "Mama." Shirley MacLaine walks in her sleep. Haven't met a nicer sleepwalker. That's Hollywood For You.



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